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CHRONICLE.

THE last two days of the Whitsuntide holidays, as is sometimes the case with holidays, especially when they are short and when the weather is fine, provided little of domestic interest. Even Mr. GLADSTONE seems to have felt that of laughing at smashed policemen cometh satiety, and hardly anybody else of importance, except Mr. WALTER LONG, spoke on Friday and Saturday of last week at all. The later excursionists at Hawarden, who would have liked some fun of the old kind, had to comfort themselves with singing hymns, and with some remarks on dust and (probably a new departure in optimism) its excellence as tempering sunshine.

It cannot be said that the House of Commons in Parliament had a brilliant record of work to show for the first day after the holidays. For the greater part of a sitting of nine and a half hours the House debated the Colonial Service Vote, and the quality of the debate may be judged from the fact that the eye straying over the columns of the paper finds Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL *passim*, Mr. PICTON largely represented, Mr. LABOUCHERE not absent, and Mr. CONYBEARE in cheerful conflict with the Chairman. It is difficult to imagine questions on which three of the four members named are likely to be worth listening to; while the fourth is not likely on any question to do the State much service. Still some of the matters discussed on this vote are in themselves of importance after a fashion, and more latitude may be given in regard to them than in regard to some other things. In the early part of the evening it would have been more satisfactory if Sir JAMES FERGUSSON could have said that certain things did not happen in Newfoundland, instead of merely saying that the English and French Governments had not heard of them. The wires are open; and there are colonial Governments.

On Tuesday it did not appear that matters had improved very much in respect of actual work, though a certain amount of obligatory discussion was got through. After some questions on the subject of the proposed Saturday nuisance in the way of a sham Temperance procession, in which Mr. MATTHEWS very properly supported Mr. MONRO, the adjournment of the House was moved by Mr. PICKERSGILL for the further discussion of the subject. A good deal more talk then took place, Mr. CHILDERS distinguishing himself by protesting against the HOME SECRETARY'S very correct term (which we have ourselves just used) for these increasing interferences with what a delightful Band of Hope fanatic calls, in a letter to the *Times*, the "private business" or pleasure of the few—that is to say, the right of peaceable Londoners to use the streets of London for the purpose for which they were intended. The division (231 to 121) which followed was not unsatisfactory; for, in consequence of the very unwise determination of the Opposition, or at least its noisiest spokesmen, to make this a confidence question against the Government, it had a rather unusual importance. Of course allowance must be made for the discreet reluctance of Gladstonians, who hope to be Ministers some day, to prepare such a rod for their own backs as the affirmation of the sacred right of unregulated procession would be. Then came the usual motion for the adjournment over the Derby, moved brightly enough by Lord ELCHO, and opposed not brightly at all by the unhappy Sir SISYPHUS—whom men call WILFRID—LAWSON. No sensible person would oppose the adjournment; but, as there is a very large number of fools in the House of Commons, it may be questionable whether the matter is worth a debate. The rest of the day was occupied by Sir W. HART-DYKE'S exposition of the new Education Code

and by some discussion on it. If, as the Vice-President of the Council thinks, there "will be a large extension of "subjects in our elementary system," we shall not be able to hail the new Code with any satisfaction. There are far too many subjects as it is.

On Thursday the House of Lords met for the first time after Whitsuntide, and read several Bills for a second, and the Customs and Inland Revenue Bill for a third, time. The Commons resumed, after the interval of Derby Day, with the Channel Tunnel Bill, on the merits of which it is not necessary to say much, seeing that ninety per cent. at least of Englishmen whose opinions are worth anything are dead against it. Sir EDWARD WATKIN defended his ugly bantling with a courage worthy, &c., and Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH pointed out the necessity of throttling it in a businesslike and convincing manner. Then Mr. GLADSTONE spoke, and seemed to be annoyed because he had once drunk champagne at the entrance to the Tunnel. Why should he not? One of the most agreeable passages of his biography that we remember is the account, in the *Life* of Mr. HOPE-SCOTT, of the way in which Mr. GLADSTONE, his father, and Mr. HOPE-SCOTT himself fixed on the site of Trinity College, Glenalmond, under the genial influence of a bottle (or, by'r lady, bottles) of *œil de perdrix*. Shame be to him who shame thinks of the consumption of honest liquor! Afterwards Mr. GLADSTONE developed the curious argument that we ought to make the Tunnel, because we have invaded France so much oftener than France has invaded us, and in order, we suppose, to give her a chance of equalizing matters. But, then, some of us, unlike Mr. GLADSTONE, have no particular desire to be invaded. The Bill was thrown out by 234 to 153. The other important business of the day was the discussion and rejection by 240 to 197 of an "instruction" by Mr. STEVENSON on the subject of the revision of Tithes. This was one of the now very common motions which, plausible enough in themselves, are really and solely designed to upset a measure actually in course of treatment, and which ought to be discouraged, from whatever side they proceed, by all honest politicians. Some information was given on the course of business, and Sir JAMES FERGUSSON showed himself to be at last furnished with some information about what happened long ago in Newfoundland. It would seem that the landing of troops is denied, but that of an officer in uniform granted, while there seems also to have been interference of French, not English, boats' crews, with the fishing of the Newfoundlanders. Now both these things, we take it, are contrary to treaty.

Foreign Affairs.

Considerable interest was felt at the end of last week in the details of the PANITZA trial, of which more will be found elsewhere, and in the arrest of Anarchists in Paris. This is certainly an ingenious move on the part of the fair and fierce Republic, to which, one might have thought, anarchy ought to be sacred.—What may be a perturbing element in the settlement of the African question was reported on Monday in the shape of supposed treaties made by Dr. PETERS with the ruler of Uganda. It ought to be sufficient to say that treaties made by any duly authorized agent of HER MAJESTY with the disaffected Poles and Hanoverians would have considerably more initial validity. Since this news was published very positive statements have been made as to the minimum claims of Germany; but these statements are not authoritative, and it is almost sufficient to say that Sir PERCY ANDERSON and Dr. KRAUEL do not resume "protocolling" (as Mr. CARLYLE might have said) till Tuesday next. Meanwhile, of the four points alleged to be chiefly under discussion, it is enough to say that, if Germany acknowledged English rights in Ngami-

land, on the Stevenson Road, and to the north and west of the Victoria Nyanza, it might not be wholly inadmissible to allow her to extend between the last-named lake and Lake Tanganyika, a right of way being reserved in case of need between the two. A very good exposition of the strategical as well as commercial importance of Ngamiland will be found in the letter of "Afrikander" to the *Times* of Thursday.

—A vote of confidence in Signor CRISPI by an enormous majority of the Italian Deputies may (or may not) have put an end to the little campaign of semi-serious mutiny against that Minister.—On Wednesday last President CARNOT signed the pardon of the Duke of ORLEANS, who was duly conducted to the frontier.—The meeting of the Suez Canal Company on Wednesday, at which a formidable anti-English opposition was expected, passed off quite quietly, the malcontents being able to make no head, and indeed hardly to get themselves heard.—That eccentric personage, the Marquis DE MORÈS, who tried ineffectually a little GRACCHUS BABEUF business at Paris not long ago, was tried on Wednesday last, and condemned to three months' imprisonment. The Marquis pleaded guilty to the soft impeachment of kissing Mlle. LOUISE MICHEL on a platform, and boasted himself of having "reduced the price of meat in New York by 25 per cent." But the Parisian is not altruist enough to care for this last good deed, and has sadly fallen off in his respect for gallantry.—Meanwhile, there are awkward reports from the Turco-Servian frontier, where there seems to have been not a little faction-fighting between members of the two religions—a matter not important in itself, but always capable of being stirred and fanned into something dangerous by interested interference.

Scotland. The sittings of the Assemblies of the Scotch Established and Free Kirks ended early in this week—sittings rendered memorable by the utterances in both, from, of course, very different points of view, on the subject of Disestablishment. It is thought, not by Tories only, that Mr. GLADSTONE's recent pronouncement gives a more solid chance of breaking down the curious GLADSTONE superstition of North Britain than any recent event.—Last Monday the through routes by the Forth Bridge were "inaugurated" in the Scottish capital, not altogether successfully by all accounts—the Waverley station being represented as a mere chaos of bewildered passengers and belated trains. But these things will happen in inaugurations.

Ireland. It has been announced by Mr. O'BRIEN's solicitors that Mr. O'BRIEN will not pay, unless compelled, the taxed costs in the suits he has brought against Lord SALISBURY and lost, because he does not like Lord SALISBURY's style of defence. This is ingenious and natural, but, if largely imitated, might lead to practical inconvenience. On Sunday last several Fenians said very unkind things of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. PARNELL in St. Joseph's Cemetery, Cork; thereby grieving the soul of Mr. JOHN O'CONNOR, M.P.

Although it is a little out of the usual way of *Divino Orbe*, this Chronicle, it seems worth while to note, as a curious double instance of the extraordinary ignorance of Britons as to all matters not actually at their doors, two passages which appeared in the same newspaper, the *Daily News*, on the same day, Thursday. In one the writer spoke of "French Soudan" as "a somewhat unlooked for title"; in the other "A Conservative Churchman" upbraided the wickedness of Lord SALISBURY in making terms with the POPE about the Maltese, who are "British subjects," and so forth. It would therefore appear that the first writer was ignorant of the fact that "Le Soudan Français" has been both a favourite term with French writers and a greatly, though rather indefinitely, increasing fact with French officers for years past; and that it never occurred to the second to ask himself whether the Maltese became "British subjects" with or without conditions.

Sport. In almost all matters the Derby week serves as centre to the sport, except definitely winter sport, of the year, and events of interest during the last seven days have been very numerous. The tennis championship went, yesterday week, once more to the American PETERIT, to the disappointment, but not to the surprise, of critics, by seven sets to five.—In cricket Cambridge University showed its strength by beating Yorkshire, who had beaten the Australians, while the Colonial team

won a hollow victory over Lancashire, who were not playing up to anything like their county's form in recent years. Oxford, on the other hand, received a complete defeat from a not extraordinarily strong Marylebone eleven on Saturday, while on the same day Middlesex, with an eleven almost entirely composed of amateurs, beat Notts, professionals all but two. Some promise for the future was given by the excellent innings of Mr. BLAKER, captain of the Westminster eleven, against a good I Zingari team. Two very interesting matches were decided on Tuesday, the M.C.C. winning against time a well-fought battle with the Australians, and the University of Oxford breaking a long run of ill-luck, and not particularly good play, by defeating a strong Lancashire eleven—a performance which restores to the University match some of that interest which, on the results of May cricket, it had decidedly lost.—On the turf, the French Derby was easily won last Sunday by Heaume, despite his having been badly lamed recently. A wet Derby Day on Wednesday (when the Derby and the Fourth of June fall together, how should it not be wet!) interrupted business and other kinds of pleasure without itself providing much of the latter. One of the hottest favourites of recent years was, however, upset in Surefoot, who, whether owing to temper, the wet ground, mismanagement, or what not, finished fourth to Sainfoin, Le Nord, and Orwell. Sainfoin's victory was, however, by no means unpopolar, and it may be noted that he is the first Derby winner for a long time who has been bred at the Royal stud at Hampton Court. Not very much less interest was taken in the Epsom Grand Prize on Thursday, when "the coat of the SQUEERSES"—that is to say, of the favourite—was not "tore," the Duke of PORTLAND continuing his numerous successes by winning, though not easily, with St. Serf.

An excellent, but long, letter from the Chief Commissioner of Police was published on Tuesday, giving his reasons for not allowing certain processionists against the Government Licensing proposals to stop the traffic in the most frequented streets of London on Saturday.—On Tuesday last the London County Council, somewhat late, and in a rather half-hearted and grudging manner, did what it ought to have done long ago, and accepted for a time the maintenance of the recently closed small open spaces. This is the more satisfactory that the acceptance was vehemently opposed, outside the Council by those who are most anxious to set up a Paris Municipality in London, and inside it by Mr. STUART, sometime Professor of Applied Mechanics in the University of Cambridge. Very seldom, indeed, will good men be wrong in rejoicing at whatsoever Mr. STUART disapproves. It was at first reported, to our surprise and pleasure, that Sir THOMAS FARRER was the mover of the victorious amendment; but Sir THOMAS lost no time in restoring himself to his proper place by disclaiming this honour, and publishing his own vote against the proposal. To petition Parliament about matters with which the Council has nothing to do, FIGARO is *quâ*; to do useful work he is not *là*.—Few speeches of a general kind were delivered during the week; the chief exception being one on Agriculture, by Lord DERBY on Wednesday. Lord DERBY is not an extraordinarily sanguine person, and he had but cold comfort for farmers generally, though at the same time he confessed that he himself had not a single farm unlet, and that Lancashire proprietors had "an insatiable market at their doors." This certainly suggests that the adjustment of producer and consumer is still the *crux*.—Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT spoke, with his usual sound and fury, on the Licensing Question at the National Liberal Club on Thursday.

Entertainments, &c. Another banquet of some importance was given to Mr. STANLEY by American representatives in London on Friday week.—Lord WOLSELEY presided on Saturday over an important meeting on Church work.—Mr. STANLEY, not weary in well-doing, took up his parable once more against Lord SALISBURY at the Fishmongers' dinner on Monday.

Obituary. The obituary of the week is somewhat fuller than has recently been the case, containing the names of Colonel PEARSON, who had done long and good service with the Metropolitan Police; of the Earl of MILLTOWN, a moderate and businesslike Irish peer; of two Generals, BRINE and BIRDWOOD, each of whom had a creditable record; and, later, those of Sir GEORGE BURNS, one of the founders of the famous Cunard Company, who died at the great age of 95, and of M. PHILIPPE BERTY, a

well-known French art-critic, who had much to do with "Japanning" French, and Western, taste.

No book of the week can approach the *Annals of the Barber-Surgeons*, produced with extraordinary typographic excellence by Messrs. BLADES, EAST, & BLADES. In theatrical matters, *La Lutte pour la Vie* at Her Majesty's, which we notice fully elsewhere, has the palm. And among the sales, which are so great a feature of the present season, that at CHRISTIE'S last Wednesday, of the Ramsey Abbey thurible and incense boat, found during the draining of Whittlesea Mere, deserves notice. One went for something over, the other for something under, a thousand pounds. Either could probably be made out of a few ounces of silver at less than four shillings an ounce. But is there any artist in metals in England who could make them? Mr. GILBERT might; and we hope that in time he, and others learning by him, will.

THE PARLIAMENTARY PROSPECT.

MINISTERS have been attended throughout their whole official career with persistent good fortune in the tactics of their opponents, and, to judge by appearances, they will enjoy the advantage of the same disinterested assistance in the undoubtedly somewhat difficult circumstances in which they are now placed. It were vain to deny that the situation of public business at the end of this first week of June presents no very hopeful prospect to a Government anxious to fulfil their legislative engagements to the House and the country within the limits of a Parliamentary Session of reasonable length. Nobody, indeed, who is at all conversant with the subject, can doubt that, if the Opposition were to desist at this moment and definitively from all obstructive action, and were even to deny themselves what are called their "legitimate privileges" of criticism and discussion, the Government would find it a hard matter to get through their programme in the course of the next three, or perhaps even the next four, months. It may, however, be predicted with the utmost confidence that the Opposition will not take this moderate and yet effective course; that they will not desist from obstructive action, and that the construction placed by them on their "legitimate" privileges of criticism and discussion will be of the most liberal character for themselves. Hence it is quite possible, and indeed even probable, that they may oblige Ministers to take such measures for accelerating the progress of business as will result in imparting to it a rate of velocity which otherwise it would never have attained. Artificial impediments to the working of the machine may compel the application of so much additional power that its normal productive capacity will receive a large and undesired increase. It may, for example, be proved, by simple processes of arithmetical computation, that, if an Opposition be foolish enough to fight so long over one or two amendments at the head of a long list that the whole of the remainder are shut out by the Closure, they will be actually expediting the passage of the measure which it is desired to obstruct, and which by a more artful distribution of obstacles might have been indefinitely delayed. An Opposition, however, in which to nearly everybody not seated on the Front Bench, and to some of those who occupy that envied position, HENRY GOW'S principle of "fighting for his own hand" is the accepted rule of action, is quite incapable of organizing its attack as skilfully as this. We may take it as certain that the Temperance party in one direction, and the Parnellites in another, and the Communistic Radical in a third, will obstruct not wisely but too well, and that all three parties in turn, and sometimes possibly all three together, will give "chances" which it will be the fault of the Government if they miss.

This inevitable tendency to "give themselves away" is observable even in the newspaper speculations of the Opposition on the Parliamentary future. Many of these speculations would be plausible enough if they were conducted with a little more reserve; but, as a matter of fact, they all prove too much. Their authors fall into the error of the sage who unintentionally convinced RASSELAS that it was impossible to be a poet. Instead of demonstrating to Ministers that they have set themselves more to do than they can hope to complete before, say the end of August or the first week in September, they construct elaborate calculations which prove, if they prove anything, that within

the period in question it would be impossible for Ministers to dispose of any one of the important items of their programme whatsoever. Thus, we are told that the Irish Land Purchase Bill must occupy at least forty days in Committee, while the Local Taxation Bill, "if it is to pass at all," must take fully half as long. Ten days are to be allotted to the Tithes Bill, and ten to minor measures, and these, with the necessary five days for the Appropriation Bill, make up in all a total of eighty-five days—or seventeen Parliamentary weeks of five days each. So here we are in anticipation at the end of the month of September without having made any allowance for Supply, in which there are still one hundred and fifty votes to be obtained. And now the calculator becomes difficult to follow; for, after observing that "not a single vote has been obtained" in Committee during the last two days, he goes on to observe that, "if Supply does not require more than four weeks to conclude, the recent average will not have been exceeded." No, indeed! Considering that, according to the "recent average"—which is in the ratio of 2 to zero—the time required to conclude Supply would be infinite, to say that four weeks will not exceed it is a mild way of putting the case. But the whole amount of time required for finishing the business of the Session works out on the above estimate to seven months; to which demonstration we shall all of us be ready to add our *quod est absurdum* for ourselves. Such computations as these—as their authors might have had the wit to see without assistance—produce a positively cheering effect on those whose spirits they are meant to depress. They are so patently preposterous that people are put upon examining the whole details of the estimates on which they are based, and probably end by as much underrating the time required for individual items of Parliamentary business as it has been before overstated. Most assuredly the House will not be allowed to sit for forty days in Committee on the Land Purchase Bill, or for twenty on the two or three contentious clauses in the Local Taxation Bill; and the natural reaction of common sense against such ridiculous assumptions is likely to inspire a perhaps unwarrantably hopeful view of the Parliamentary prospect.

Warrantable or not, however, we hold that the temper to which such a view commends itself is one which ought to be by all means encouraged in the Ministerialist ranks. Obstructionists are too often allowed to win their battles without having to fight them. They are permitted, in the language of the cricket-field, "to establish a funk," and the team opposed to them come up to the wickets in a condition of premature despair which makes them easy victims. No doubt, as we admitted at the outset of our remarks, the Parliamentary prospect is an unpromising one; but it must be remembered that this is the precise period of the Session when such prospects are always at their gloomiest, and the horizon after all is only a little darker than it usually looks when surveyed from the opening days of June. There never yet was a House of Commons which did not return to Westminster after Whitsuntide to be told that business was gravely in arrear; and if the House is a little more behindhand in the present year than usual, that is no excuse for hasty lamentations over the amount of unfinished work, or for precipitate proposals of autumn Sessions, or summer sittings prolonged into October. It will be quite time enough to discuss extraordinary measures of this kind for overtaking the arrears when the effect of a resolute application of ordinary methods has had time to disclose itself. In this connexion we are little disposed to regret the decision arrived at by the Government with respect to the order of business. At a moment when the piratical philanthropists are making such desperate efforts to organize "demonstrations" against the licensing proposals of the Local Taxation Bill, it seems to us a mistake not to seize on the opportunity of bidding them defiance by giving that measure precedence over every other. The moral effect of such a step, as an indication of a fixed resolve to pass the Bill, would have been worth some sacrifice of convenience—if, indeed, any such sacrifice were required to secure it. Having taken the Tithes Bill first, however, the Government were, no doubt, well advised in their plan of getting both that and the Land Purchase Bill into Committee before coming to any further decision on the question of arrangements. For the present, at any rate, it is probably wise to keep the three Bills abreast of each other, and to abstain from all pledges to complete any particular stage of any one of them before proceeding with

the others. Undertakings of that kind usually operate as the offer of a premium on the obstruction of the measure which receives precedence, and which has to confront a double force of hostility in consequence. At the same time, of course, the sound principle of continuous application to the same business cannot be very long or very widely departed from without danger. The attempt to proceed *pari passu* with two or more Parliamentary measures requires to be conducted with great caution and moderation, or it may result in disaster. When the Committee of the whole House has once been put fairly in possession of all the three Bills which the Government are bent on passing, it will probably become advisable to proceed *de die in diem* with one of them; and we do not think that there need be much hesitation in saying that the choice should fall on the Land Purchase Bill.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S HOUSEMAID.

WE have no intention of intruding upon the privacy of Friedrichsruhe, if, indeed, there be any privacy at Friedrichsruhe. At present it seems to be almost as much a place of public resort as Hawarden itself. "Never less at home than when at home" might be the saying both of the German and of the English statesman. Every man's house is his castle; but Mr. GLADSTONE's castle seems to be everybody's house—at least everybody's house of call. The madding crowd pursues him, like the coy CHLOE not unwilling to be pursued, into the most secret and sacred retreats. Mr. GLADSTONE receives his guests in masses, for which he is known to have an affection, preferring quantity to quality as regards sympathy and support. Prince BISMARCK takes his visitors one by one—that is, if he takes them at all; for a doubt has been thrown on the subject, and that by no less an authority than his own. Some of the interviews which have made the world prick up its long and mobile ear, and which have disturbed the Courts and Cabinets of Europe, may have taken place, he suggests, with one of his housemaids, but certainly did not take place with him. It would be quite unwarrantable, in the absence of positive testimony, to assign to a similar source some of the letters, post-cards, and smaller speeches which have emanated from Hawarden. We distrust purely conjectural criticism even when it is most plausible. But the housemaid theory is not a bad working hypothesis, which we place at the disposal of any one who may be disposed to carry it out in detail regarding things said and written at Hawarden. There is a QUICKLY-cum-NICKLEBY discursiveness and discontinuity about these utterances which might be made to fit in well enough with this speculation, a general ramblingness, so to speak, which used to be characteristic of the female intellect in the days before Newnham and Girton, and which is still occasionally visible in that considerable proportion of English womankind which has not had the benefit of those institutions. Mr. GLADSTONE's housemaid is, however, we frankly admit, as a source and fount of political and moral doctrine, as little historical as the great majority of Mr. GLADSTONE's own statements. Prince BISMARCK's housemaid is a confessed reality. He has himself led her before the curtain to divide with him the applause of a listening world. He has no reason to be ashamed of this candid and graceful tribute. *Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori.* The arrangement, it must be admitted, is not without its convenience. When any particular statement is taxed with inaccuracy or imprudence, it is always open to criticism to suggest "That was the housemaid."

If Prince BISMARCK were an English statesman, he would probably be travelling up and down the country, addressing great meetings in every great town, and provoking what, in the lower English of our time, is called "demonstrations." Talking to "interviewers" is an easier matter. The philosophy of Friar LAWRENCE, that "there's naught so vile that on the earth doth live But to the earth some special good doth give," is proved true with respect to this lowest degeneration of journalism, which hitherto has usually represented impertinence and intrusion ministering to vanity or coercing timidity by vague apprehensions of the retributive vengeance of a slighted and omnipotent press. A woman scorned is not so much to be dreaded as an interviewer whom his intended victim regrets, through a footman or messenger, that he cannot have the pleasure of seeing. Before the word acquired its journalistic mean-

ing an interview implied something mutual. It involved a reciprocal exchange of ideas. In this sense it would be as reasonable to speak of an interview between a pump-handle and the person who wields it, or between an experimental physiologist and the creature to be vivisected, or a prisoner who in old times was submitted to the torture of the question of another kind than that which characterizes the present development of newspaper enterprise and the operator provided by the law. Of course, as there is nothing new which is not also old, interviewing was practised in the modern sense before the system was organized or had received a name. The life of JAMES BOSWELL was a series of interviews; and, if interviewers ever have their patron saint, he ought to be beatified for the office. In his time interviewing did not openly avow itself as such. It was performed under difficulties which will make the present practitioners of the art smile. General PAOLI (of Corsica), who little knew that he was the proto-martyr of the interviewing persecution, described the process to FANNY BURNBY in terms which we may be allowed to quote here, in order to show to its present professors how rude the art was in its first beginnings, and how vast the progress is which has since been made:—"He [BOSWELL] came to my country, and he fetched me some letters of recommending him; but I was in the belief that he might be an impostor, and I supposed in my mind that he was an espy; for I look away from him, and in a moment I look to him again, and I behold his tablets. Oh! he was to the work of writing down all I say. Indeed, I was angry. But soon I discover he was no impostor and no espy; and I only find I was myself the monster he had come to discern." The interviewing reporter, or special correspondent, as we believe we ought to call him—for the class stands very much on its dignity, and a correspondent is a very different sort of person from a reporter—now presents himself quite at his ease, note-book and pencil in hand, when the pencil is not between his teeth, and sets about his work openly, and with elaborate arrangement.

Prince BISMARCK seems to have met his interviewers more than half way, and, without waiting to be questioned, to have volunteered the disclosure of his sentiments on many important subjects. The revelations would be very interesting if we could be quite sure which was Prince BISMARCK and which the housemaid. The latter functionary seems intended to discharge functions which Prince BISMARCK's successor, General VON CAPRIVI, assigns to that portion of the non-official press through which the new CHANCELLOR contemplates making important statements which he can disavow, if necessary. Prince BISMARCK seems to have shown more favour to French and Russian journalists, being desirous of establishing better relations, according to the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, between France and Russia and Germany than at present. His success in France seems to have been great. The newspapers sing his praises. M. JULES SIMON pronounces him a Prince of Peace. The phrase is a little irreverent, though M. JULES SIMON's associations with it are not, we believe, those of the Church. But, perhaps, he said Prince of the Peace, with some reference to the Spaniard who bore that title, and who endeavoured to counterbalance a certain discomfiture at home by making advances to France. He cannot have meant the peace which was settled at the Treaty of Frankfurt, reconverting Alsace Lorraine into Elsass-Lothringen. The *Hamburger Nachrichten*, which seems to have the mission of interpreting Prince BISMARCK to the world, explains that he has sought his confidants in the *Petit Journal* and the *Novos Vremya*, because enemies and not friends need to be conciliated. We imagine that there is no mystery in the matter. Prince BISMARCK, in whom CARLYLE saw only one fault—that of not being able to hold his tongue—is under a necessity of talking his grievances out of his mind, and he talks to countries which suppose themselves to have grievances of their own against the powers in Berlin. A little reticence would, perhaps, better suit the historic greatness and the present power of the first of European statesmen, who need only bid his detractors look round them for his monument. To set up an officious mission for the preservation of European peace by advances to the two Powers against whom the Triple League has been formed goes a little beyond the bounds of propriety and convenience.

DISESTABLISHMENT IN SCOTLAND.

THE Sessions of the General Assemblies of the Established Church of Scotland and the Free Church which ended at the beginning of this week have been the most important held for years. The Free Church has had to settle a domestic question of some difficulty, and has decided it in a way which has put the "Church of CHALMERS," or, we may add, of Dr. BEGG, in a position of some novelty. It has dealt with two heresy cases, in what it is polite and also accurate to describe as a thoroughly modern way. A very considerable majority of the Assembly has decided that, as the formula goes, "scholarship is free." In other words, it has told its members that in future the Free Church minister shall be free to pick what parts of the Bible he chooses to call inspired, and select those parts of the Christian religion which he thinks fit to be believed. This pleasing freedom is quite in accordance with modern ideas. If members of other bodies or the independent critic wonder a little what is the use of a "Church" at all when each member of it is free to believe and teach as much or as little as he pleases, there will be an answer ready for him, no doubt. For the rest, the members of the Free Church must be conscious of the advantages of belonging to it; for the orthodox minority has not been provoked to as much as a threat of secession by the decision of the majority. It remains where it is, though it is now bound to allow the learned Dr. DODS the right to decide how much is inspired and how much not, or to point out the "immoralities" in the book which it professes to believe is the Word of God. The force of freedom can no further go. We do not, however, propose to spend words on the BRUCE and DODS heresy cases. There is nothing remarkable in the stir created by a little second-hand German biblical criticism. Neither is it wonderful that a religious Dissenting body which has lost the dignity conferred by the enthusiasm of the first generation should accept the vulgar modern laxity which allows every pulpit thumper to talk as if he held his Creator and Redeemer between his forefinger and thumb.

What, however, is of national interest is the course the Assemblies have taken with the question of Disestablishment. It is quite impossible that this should not materially affect the political situation in Scotland, and whatever does so must manifestly be of general interest. Mr. GLADSTONE's intervention in the debate on Dr. CAMERON's motion was sure to provoke response, and has provoked it. As the body threatened, the Established Church was naturally the first to speak. It has said its say with no sort of hesitation. Lord BALFOUR of Burleigh, and the speakers who followed on Wednesday of last week, made it quite clear that for them there could be no doubt as to their duty to support the Church. There was language used as to the morality of Mr. GLADSTONE's decision to support Disestablishment which is of considerable significance in Scotland. Some of it came from Scottish Conservatives who are at all times bitter, and will not have much or any effect on the politicians who support Disestablishment. But the unanimous decision of the General Assembly was not the decision of a Conservative body, but of one which has hitherto given most of its support to Liberals. If it decides to oppose all candidates who have committed themselves to support something accepted by Mr. GLADSTONE, the result must needs be a great loss of power for the Gladstonian Liberals in Scotland. The Established Church has so decided in the most unequivocal manner. As a matter of course, it has protested that it has no intention of binding itself to support any one party. Any such obligation would be superfluous and dangerous. It has only recorded its opinion that all members of the Established Church of Scotland should abstain from voting for any candidate who would disestablish and disendow it. As there is no probability that any Unionist candidate will support Disestablishment, the action of the Church can only benefit one side—unless the laity refuse to follow the lead of the General Assembly or Mr. GLADSTONE withdraws from his position on the Disestablishment question. There is, however, nothing to show that the members of the Assembly will not be supported by the laymen of the Church; while it will be easier for Mr. GLADSTONE to eat his words than to regain the confidence he has lost. The process of eating his words will itself be no easy one to the Separatist leader, while the Free Church, and the party of all the fads, stands watching him. For the Free Church, which has also had Disestablishment to deal with this Session, has naturally not come to the same decision as the Kirk. By a very great majority—an overwhelming majority—its Assembly has

expressed its satisfaction that the quarrel is at last to be decided. The loud and hilarious confidence of Principal RAINY, who harangued it in that jocular style which is apparently popular with some ecclesiastical persons in Scotland now, is professedly shared by the Assembly. It has expressed delight that the great fight is now to be fought out, and the utmost confidence as to what the result of the struggle must be. In this case, however, there is some doubt how far the Assembly does represent the opinion of the laymen of the Free Church. Even among the ecclesiastical members of the Assembly there is a minority—not large, but vehement—which adheres to the old principle of their Church. In the first generation the Free Church was utterly opposed to the doctrine that there should be a separation between Church and State. The seceders went out, not because they thought the connexion wrong, but because they held that the State had assumed a right to interfere with purely ecclesiastical matters. The great majority of the Free Church ministers have, it is true, wandered very far from that position. They have become assimilated in view and character to the English political Dissenter, and are prepared to support, not only a separation between Church and State, but the application of the Church's endowments to secular purposes, if they can only deprive the clergy of the Establishment of their social superiority. A minority has, however, clung to the old way. It was represented in Assembly by Dr. MACKAY of Cromarty and by Professor SMITH. Dr. MACKAY maintained that the Free Church is the Church of Scotland, and would be guilty of treason to itself if it consented to a separation between Church and State. Professor SMITH spoke vehemently against giving support to any scheme of Disestablishment which would turn the modest endowments of the Church to any other purpose than that for which they were originally given—namely, the support of Presbyteries. Dr. MACKAY and the Professor did not secure many votes in the Assembly; but it is believed on very strong grounds that they represent the laity of the Free Church to an extent altogether out of proportion to their voting power among the ecclesiastics.

The debates and votes of both Assemblies show that Disestablishment must needs have a great influence on the coming general election, and may be found to divide Scotchmen in an unexpected way. There is, for one thing, considerable probability that it will be met by a counter-proposal for reconstruction. It has always been somewhat of a mystery south of the Border that religious bodies which do not differ either in organization or in creed should stand apart as the Scotch Presbyterian Churches do. Their causes of quarrel are—in spite of the joker—intelligible enough historically; but it is only historically that most of them exist. There would seem, therefore, to be no reason why the Churches should not reunite, except it be that reunion would bring a loss of personal importance to some among the prominent ecclesiastics of two of the bodies, if not of all three. Some suspicion to this effect is working among laymen; and proposals have been made for the formation of a Lay League of all three Churches, which is to resist Disestablishment, or the turning of endowments to secular purposes—and is also to promote reconstruction. When the League has been formed, and is at work, it will be time enough to begin estimating its power and its objects. Meanwhile, it is undeniable that the mere proposal to establish such a Committee is, in the first place, a sign of a certain inclination to revolt against an over-activity of ministers in things political alleged to exist by some Scotchmen, and, in the second place, is a most undeniable sign that the conflict for and against the Establishment will be by no means so simple as party managers in London appear to have thought. It may even be that Mr. GLADSTONE has once more miscalculated the "jump of the cat." When Disestablishment ceases to be merely one of those things which may be attended to one day, and is actually brought forward for discussion, it will be necessary to define it. When that is done, the Free Churchman who holds the old faith will be called upon to decide whether he will sanction an open and formal divorce between the State and religion. This and a number of other questions will have to be argued out. Scotchmen in large numbers will be called upon to choose between their Church and Mr. GLADSTONE, and we will not doubt how they will decide till we learn they have preferred the politician. For the rest, one of two things must be certain to all Scotchmen. Either Disestablishment is to be

seriously taken up—and in that case Ireland must wait—or Ireland must come first, and then they will know that their religious interest has been used as a party resource by the Separatists.

THE PANITZA TRIAL.

PRINCE FERDINAND of Bulgaria and his exceedingly intelligent Prime Minister, M. STAMBOULOFF, are, no doubt, much obliged for the advice which has been given them by disinterested foreign journalists not to shoot Major PANITZA, in consequence of the discovery by those journalists that the trial was a mistake, and so forth. It was never probable that they would shoot the MAJOR; though, on the whole, we are inclined to think it rather a pity that the MAJOR should not be shot. Out of SHAKESPEARE and DANTE the greatest amount of profane criticism of ordinary life to be found anywhere is to be found, not in HOMER (who is *hübschobjectiv*, and does not go in for criticism), but in Sir WALTER SCOTT. And there are few greater pieces of wisdom in Sir WALTER (though he himself subjoins an ironical disclaimer of it as a personal opinion) than Colonel TALBOT's dictum that FERGUS MACIVOR could not be allowed "to draw 'stakes because he had lost the game.'" Major PANITZA appears by his own admissions to be entirely in the case of FERGUS. It is possible, though we fear not probable, that he did not directly and definitely intend to murder either the PRINCE or the PREMIER. We do not know that it makes very much difference whether he did or did not. He intrigued—with foreigners it would appear, with his own countrymen certainly—for a violent upsetting of the actual Government and a violent reconstruction of political affairs. The only sane and sensible law in such a case is, "Let the man who 'fails' [the man who does not fail escapes for obvious reasons] 'be punished with death.'" And perhaps in no case is this more desirable than in the case of a newly-enfranchised country like Bulgaria. We all, except the wiser of us, burst into lyric tears of joy over the marvellous political efficiency of the Bulgarians. It was really rather unusual, and very creditable; but it was inevitable that there should be grave exceptions to it. Bulgaria has no ruling class of her own; and she has, on the one hand, the tradition of Turkish rule, in which accident of this kind or that might make any peasant a commander-in-chief or a vizier; on the other, the still worse tradition of Russia, where everything is done with bribes and backstairs influence. It is wonderful that she has done as well as she has; it would be more wonderful still if her Majors out of office did not ask themselves why the other Majors who are in office should be there.

Still, though it is a pity that the MAJOR cannot be shot for the encouragement of the other Majors, it is probable that, in the present hypocritical state of Europe, it would do harm to Prince FERDINAND and to Bulgaria if he were. And a politician even less clever than M. STAMBOULOFF should be able to gather good fruit from what has actually happened. A plot has been defeated, and the arch-plotters have, at any rate, had that most cooling of all visions, a look down a rifle-barrel. It has been shown that the Bulgarian Government can keep its seat, can keep its head, and can keep its eyes open. With regard to the share Bulgaria's *soci-disant* liberator and actual persecutor has played in the matter, the result has been very fairly satisfactory too. Nobody, we suppose, really thought that M. HITROVO, let alone more highly-placed persons, would be caught red-handed. It would be as likely that any Irish leader should be caught actually distributing the cheques and the amputation-knives by which he profits. But Bulgaria has had the advantage of catching, sentencing, and contemptuously handing over to Russia's agent the subordinate plotter, Captain KALUBKOFF, and what has actually been going on has been made clear to every reasonable being. This is a very considerable gain for Bulgaria. The exemplary cowardice of Europe refuses to free her from the consequences of the most abominable breach of trust that modern politics have known. But she has shown that she can hold her own, can baffle domestic treason, and can, with a contemptuous kick, forward the foreign emissaries of that treason into any hands which are indifferent enough to dirt to receive them. Justice may grieve that Major PANITZA was not shot; but pity must be far more sorry for the German agent who has to soil his fingers by handing over a person like Captain KALUBKOFF to persons like Captain KALUBKOFF's employers.

THE TRUTH ABOUT TEL-EL-KEBIR.

MOST people will remember a strange story which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* for March, and which was called "A Battle Described from the Ranks." But for the name and position of the author, the narrative would have been at once scouted as an utterly incredible and exceedingly offensive fiction. It stigmatized as traitors soldiers of the QUEEN who had fallen in battle, and attributed to officers, as well as commissioned as non-commissioned, the most cruel and disgraceful brutality. The writer, however, signed himself "ARTHUR V. PALMER," and further identified himself as "late sergeant in the 79th High-landers," a regiment which took an active part at Tel-el-Kebir, where these alleged atrocities occurred, if they occurred at all. However difficult it might be to believe in Fenian conspiracies among the ranks of the 79th, or in British privates bayoneted by British sergeants, it seemed highly improbable that any man, however reckless of accuracy, would risk almost certain exposure. Some of Mr. PALMER's statements were, indeed, repudiated almost as soon as they appeared. But it has been reserved for Lieutenant CAMPBELL, now Staff Adjutant of Volunteers in Western Australia, and formerly Sergeant-Major of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, to contradict almost the whole of Mr. PALMER's narrative circumstantially and in detail. Mr. CAMPBELL's refutation is clear, thorough, and convincing. He speaks entirely from his own personal knowledge, and his studious moderation of tone is really wonderful, considering the nature of the charges which he has felt it his duty to dispel. Mr. CAMPBELL was in the Cameron Highlanders, the seventy-ninth, for more than twenty-five years, and for a period of five years, covering Tel-el-Kebir, he was sergeant-major of the regiment. He has thus, like Mr. PALMER, served in the ranks, and he was present when Mr. PALMER must, if ever, have seen what he says he saw. He kept a journal, he had access to official documents, he confronts Mr. PALMER with chapter and verse. We are bound to say that some of the allegations hardly require disproof, and that the editor of the *Nineteenth Century* would have done better to abstain from publishing them. The statement, for instance, that men who fell out on the march "were flogged with rifle-slugs" "to urge them on until their yells cut the darkness like a 'knife,'" is such a mixture of absurdity and bad taste, that it scarcely needs to be called by competent authority "as untrue as it is disgusting." More plausibility belongs to the assertion that "some dropped never to rise again, and 'were buried where they fell.'" This, at all events, might be true. But Mr. CAMPBELL says it is not, for the simple and sufficient reason that not a single death took place in the Highland Brigade on the march in question.

The editor of the *Nineteenth Century* has forwarded Mr. CAMPBELL's article to Mr. PALMER, with a request for "observations." We can dimly imagine what the private and personal observations of Mr. PALMER must have been when he received it. They may possibly have included an expression of delighted surprise at finding that his old colleague, though separated from him by many thousands of miles, is still alive, and is in full possession of his faculties. But what Mr. PALMER will say, if he says anything, about his "Fenian conspiracy" we cannot profess even to conjecture. It depends, of course, for its truth upon the facts that at least two Irish soldiers were killed at Tel-el-Kebir, that they were running away at the time, and that they were stabbed with bayonets. Mr. CAMPBELL, whose terseness and cogency in writing show that he might have attained distinction in other fields than those of arms, furnishes a complete list of the Cameron Highlanders who fell at Tel-el-Kebir. There is only one Irishman among them. His name was PATRICK KENNY, and he "was killed close to a large bastion on the right centre of 'the position.'" "I examined," says Mr. CAMPBELL, "the 'wounds of all men of my regiment who were killed in 'the battle as they lay where they had fallen, and all 'were killed by bullet wounds, not one bearing the 'marks of a bayonet.'" That is just what we should have expected. It is easy to exaggerate the victory of Tel-el-Kebir as a military achievement. But what HER MAJESTY'S forces had to do they did, and those of them who fell fell with their faces to the enemy. What may have been Mr. PALMER's motive in composing his extraordinary tale does not appear. If he desired to hoax an editor, he must feel almost ashamed of such an easy triumph. He has now a more serious task before him, and no one need envy him

the performance of it. Mr. CAMPBELL's reference to him is disappointingly brief. "When the regiment landed in Egypt in 1882," he says, "I knew thoroughly the character and disposition of every non-commissioned officer and man in the ranks—Sergeant (then Lance-Corporal) PALMER included." That is all—that and the fact that Mr. PALMER, though he depicts his wounds, is not mentioned in the list of wounded. The story of the mysterious voice which cried three times "Retire the Highlanders into the trenches!" is the one thing which Mr. CAMPBELL cannot explain. He has, however, done enough in disposing of the ridiculous fables foisted upon credulous readers, and whether Mr. PALMER succeeds in saving his own credit or not, the army, especially the Irish portion of it, has been conclusively vindicated from an infamous aspersion.

THREE BITS OF FRENCH NEWS.

THE telegrams from Paris have recently contained three bits of news, none of them of much importance, but all characteristic. They are the meeting of the shareholders of the Suez Canal, the release of the Duke of ORLEANS, and M. RIBOT's circular. The first might possibly, had it taken a different course, have been of some importance to us. As a matter of fact, it only illustrated an old truth which is not exclusively, but in some ways is rather particularly, French—namely, the tendency of the more stupidly greedy of mankind to kill the goose which produces the golden eggs. A minority of the shareholders had long been sore because the tariff of prices in the Canal is not sufficiently high. Their soreness is all the worse because they are of opinion that the English profit by the comparative moderation of the charges. Under the combined influence of blind greed and national animosity, they have clamoured against the management of the Canal. Their anger is harmless enough. It is so obvious that if English ships profit, it is only because they are the chief users of the Canal; that if prices were sent up unduly, English commerce would simply be driven to turn again to the Cape route; and that this would spell bankruptcy for the Company, that the grumblers are powerless. The great majority of Frenchmen would doubtless prefer that the Canal should hurt English commerce; but when they find it does not, and have to choose between letting us use it on tolerable terms or losing the interest on their shares, they elect very promptly to let sentiment go. The history of the Canal is only one proof among many that in matters of commerce the most fit and the best armed win. Perhaps the fact that so many Frenchmen would like to get more out of a share than the share will produce, and cannot resist adulterating business with national animosity, may explain why they have so commonly proved the least fit and the worst armed. The meeting has added nothing to what we knew of the position and prospects of the Canal.

The release of the Duke of ORLEANS was foreseen, and might well have come sooner. We are not quite sure that M. CARNOT and his Ministers would have been entirely in the wrong if they had left the Duc to do his two years. It is, at least, somewhat absurd to enact that a certain action on the part of such and such carefully specified persons shall entail a certain penalty, and then to take it for granted that the punishment must not be inflicted. M. RIBOT has, however, probably done wisely in advising the PRESIDENT to let the young man go. Being but Englishmen, and therefore too *grossiers* to appreciate the beauties of French sentiment, we cannot but think that the escapade of the Duke was marked by a slight mixture of the absurd to the very end. The assault of compliments between Son Altesse and his gaoler has, to us, a smack of careful rehearsal. "Your release, Monsieur," said the gaoler—Monsieur would have been against the principles—"releases me of a load of responsibility, yet I regret it, for your charming qualities have vanquished me. I have been your prisoner." "Ah," replied the Duke, without waiting for a minute, "I would that, as there is an appeal for pardon, there were an appeal against it." Pit pat. It is only your Frenchman who can give and take in this style. Then the Duke distributed a paper of pins—he probably always has papers of pins ready for distribution—and retired over the frontier, gracefully sending back an address to the conscripts of his year. The charming spontaneity of it all has raised the banner of his ancient house, according

to the *Figaro*, which, when it is serious, is by far the most serious paper in Europe, and can see further into a millstone even than the *Scottish Leader*. The *Figaro* goes beyond us. We fear the banner of that house will continue rolled up in charge of a banker, with other securities, for some time. The adventure, however, will be a pleasing reminiscence of the Duke's youth. M. RIBOT's circular, again, belongs to much the same class of utterances as the Duke's epigrams. It is of the order called "eye-powder." The Premier has asked all official persons at home and abroad to give any information which may suggest itself to them as interesting about the condition of the working class everywhere and at large. It is idle to inquire whether M. RIBOT could not have got his information from few authorities and in a less ostentatious way. The object is ostentation. It is necessary to show that the Government is alive to the needs of the working class, and there is no more effectual or safer way of doing this than by starting inquiries which may last for ever, and as long as they last are an excellent excuse for doing nothing. When this is not the turn they are meant to serve, they are the mere resource of puzzled politicians who are angrily called upon to do something, but cannot for the life of them tell what to do.

A LUCID INTERVAL.

IT was certainly rather a curious coincidence that Mr. GLADSTONE's views on education, as delivered to the Flintshire County Council, should be published on the same day as Sir WILLIAM HART-DYKE's speech on the new Code. The occasion is fertile in morals for the least imaginative moralizer; but we shall spare our readers most of them. Nor shall we take any exception to Mr. GLADSTONE as a deliverer of opinions on the subject. It is accepted that anybody may give his opinions on education, and Mr. GLADSTONE is not merely anybody. Nay—though we may offend some excellent people—we shall not be afraid to say that, when every suspicion of political advantage and disadvantage is absent, Mr. GLADSTONE's opinion is rather an interesting opinion. We cannot agree with those who hold that Mr. GLADSTONE is not a man of ability. He had the advantage of the best education that ever has been given to any set of men at the time when that education was nearly at its best; and he has followed it up with the diligent, omnivorous, yet intelligent, reading from which that education fits a man to take most benefit. Most important of all, it was nearly impossible that his journey to Downing Street should be shortened by one inch owing to any remarks he might make on Tuesday. These are the conditions in which Mr. GLADSTONE's opinion becomes really interesting.

We must own, indeed, to a slight disappointment with some of his utterances. It would appear that no man has with impunity fifty or sixty years of ambagiousness behind him. Mr. GLADSTONE thinks that there is nothing like a classical education for those who "have a certain amount of tendency of faculties." But a fair share of this same classical education, which is supposed to produce definiteness and precision of ideas, does not enable us to attain to any but a remote notion of what "a certain amount of tendency of faculties" means. If it means that a classical education is good for those who are naturally adapted for a classical education, we fear that we are not much "forrarder." But we gather that Mr. GLADSTONE (thereby running counter to popular cant) is distinctly in favour of always, and at least, giving the chance of a classical education in all schools; wherein we are heartily with him. The eternal battle of Classical and Modern is always being fought, and a whole tournament of head-masters and others is at it now in the columns of a new scholastic journal called *Education*. But we do not observe that anybody has tried a simple test. Is there any person who, having a public reputation as a classical scholar, but having also a fair knowledge of modern languages and literature, backs the "Modern side"? Is there any person who, having a public reputation as a student of modern languages, but being also a fair classic, backs Classics? We know no name to supply in the affirmative to the first question; we do know names to supply to the second. And we think Mr. GLADSTONE made a mistake when he said that the study of Greek would not do much good to any one who could not pursue it after the age of sixteen.

Certainly no boy of sixteen who leaves off Greek then is likely to be a scholar such as Professor JEBB or the Head-master of Westminster, but he may have had during at least five years, and those the most impressionable of his life, training in the only grammar which is at once philosophical and yet elaborate, flexible and yet exact, and he may have acquired language enough to read for his lifetime a literature which no other except English can equal, and which exactly supplies the wants of English. Divers others of Mr. GLADSTONE'S utterances seem to have been rather "promiscuous." His wish for the imparting of endowments to Newnham and Lady Margaret's is amiable; his protest against the actual increase of expense which competition for those endowments has inflicted on parents a grave and sensible one; his shakings of the head over competition more than justified. The cloven foot may appear a little in his remarks on the representative principle in governing bodies and in that curious definition of the English boy. When he wants more training of boys to observe nature, it is not difficult to note a fallacy. But, on the whole, his evidence is emphatically not a contribution to "the nonsense that has been talked about 'education.'" As for talking absolute sense and counsels of perfection about this hopelessly muddled subject, that would have been too much to expect Mr. GLADSTONE or any public man to do. Some day, perhaps, there may arise a man with pluck enough to point out that we have gone all wrong on education; that its value lies in the very fact of its being not universal but exceptional; that the higher the general standard is raised the more valueless is the attainment of it or anything a little above it; that the *fruit sec* is the greatest curse of all civilized communities, and that we are multiplying the *fruit sec* as if he were the noblest work of God and man; that a perfect system of national education is one which provides opportunities for exceptional talent to rise, and leaves the average man in the blessed average condition for which alone he is fitted. But to expect anything of the kind now, we repeat, would be absurd, and to expect it from Mr. GLADSTONE would be unjust, if not insane. Let us be thankful that he has spoken as he has spoken.

THE RIGHT OF OBSTRUCTION.

MR. MONRO'S decision as to the course to be taken by the procession which is to protest against paying publicans for their property is one of those things about which it is easy to talk a great deal, and yet easy to say all that need be said in a very short space. When mere frothy declamation, much jeering and sneering, much use of terms of art in a lax way is put aside, what remains is a very small matter. Mr. MONRO has to some extent helped his critics by arguing with them at length, instead of acting on the excellent old rule, "never give your reasons." If he had simply given his order, the Committee would have had nothing to do but to say at once, as they have in any case had to do after a long tirade of scolding, "We have only to submit to your commands, and to urge our friends and followers everywhere to 'do the same.'" It is the folly of the day, however, to use many words, and Mr. MONRO can hardly be blamed for not being singular in adherence to the practice of former times. The essential thing is that the decision he has ultimately given should be a rational one. This, we think, the circumstances being what they are, it has been. Mere matters of form may therefore be left aside.

The question which has led to so much talk is, after all, only one of degree. Nobody—at least nobody who need be considered for a moment—has, so far as we know, maintained that any body of persons who may profess to have a public object is entitled to occupy any thoroughfare whenever it chooses. The question might be brought to the test in a moment. If the licensed victuallers were to form a procession, as they easily might, for the purpose of demonstrating on their own side, and were to insist on defiling down Ludgate Hill in front of the offices of the Band of Hope Union, thence round by Blackfriars Station and Queen Victoria Street to St. Paul's Yard, and so down the Hill again, even Mr. CHARLES WAKELY would think the police might interfere. Yet, on his own principles, they would have a perfect right to act in this way. "If," he says, "100,000 peaceable and loyal citizens [most licensed victuallers are both peaceable and loyal] wish to use a public thoroughfare for the purpose of demonstrating

"their convictions on a subject of great public importance by a processional march, it is really too bad that they should be disappointed because a temporary inconvenience may possibly be incurred by passengers numbering a few 'hundreds.'" Mr. WAKELY is worth quoting because he puts the case for the demonstrators into a nutshell. What they really claim is that, when a number of "citizens" think they would like to make a show, they have a right to occupy the streets. When it is put in that crude way, the claim has, of course, no chance of being listened to, even by Mr. WAKELY'S friends. As this, however, is what it really is, there is all the more necessity to strip off the covering of frothy talk which has been thrown over it. The number of the demonstrators and their object have nothing to do with the question. A million inhabitants of the Midland counties would have no right to march in procession through London from Highgate Bars to the Elephant and Castle for the purpose of demonstrating their conviction that the Ten Commandments contain an admirable code of morals. When, however, it is once allowed that there is no inherent right in any particular mass of people to fill the streets for a particular purpose, to the exclusion of other people who wish to use them for the general purposes for which the streets are constructed, it is obvious that no question of principle is at stake in this dispute. The question is simply whether the particular procession organized by this particular Executive Committee would or would not have caused an improper obstruction to traffic. There can, in our opinion, be no doubt that it would. The intention of the Committee was to parade the greatest number of persons they could collect—they say 200,000 themselves—through Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, Holborn, Oxford Street, Regent Street, and Piccadilly. It is only necessary to look at the map for a moment in order to see that this would have stopped a great part of the legitimate traffic of London for half a day. It is monstrous that any chance body of persons calling themselves a Committee should claim the right to do this. The nuisance these processions cause may not improbably bring Londoners to see the necessity of stopping them altogether. For the present, however, there is no question of any such drastic remedy. The demonstrators are simply asked to collect where they will be as little as possible in everybody's way, and to proceed by a road in which they will cause the least obstruction. They will have to do as they are bid, and would do it with a better grace if they had asked Mr. MONRO to set them a route at the beginning. It is really not for a handful of private persons to decide what is or is not permissible in the public interest.

FRENCH ATHLETIC SPORTS.

WHAT is *Lendit*? A man may know French fairly well, and yet be puzzled by the word. It is an old one, meaning a fair (originally that at St. Denis), and it has been applied to the inter-scholastic games of the Parisian schools which are being held in the Bois de Boulogne. The *Temps* publishes an illustrated supplement, with interesting details and illustrations. The *Lendit* has been got up by the League of Physical Education. The object is excellent. French schoolboys are said to be gawky, indolent in games, languid; and to cure all these evils sports very like our own are being encouraged. The French are persuaded that most of our games, including even cricket and football, were borrowed from them. The history of games is very obscure; but we may remark that even the Australian black has a form of punt about of his own, that we owe Lacrosse to the Hurons, and that Roman games were probably, in a less regular form, very like ours. We might as well attempt to assign proverbs, ballads, riddles, or nursery tales to one single country as to do the same for games in their early rudimentary shape. NAUSICAA played at a sport which might be developed into either tennis, base-ball, stool-ball, or cricket. As a matter of historical fact, it was the French mainly who gave tennis its actual form; England did the same for cricket, America for base-ball, Scotland for golf, Rugby for its own peculiar football, Eton for its singular fives. We know who fashioned this or that sport into its ultimate form; we do not know what nation first kicked some sort of goal or first played hockey in its existing shape. Polo came from Persia; but polo is merely equestrian hockey; and AUGUSTUS, according

to SUTTONIUS, took pleasure in a pedestrian species of that exercise. "Balloon" was found among the Aztecs; the Romans also played with an inflated ball. Origins are purely prehistoric, and cannot with certainty be traced to any locality.

The French sports are to include Long Tennis, played in the open air, a cousin of Pallone. Certain chases are marked, as in regular tennis. The players may number from two to sixteen. The game has survived on the Spanish frontier, and there is no doubt that it is a capital pastime. *La Thèque* we have borrowed, according to the *Temps*. Perhaps we did; it is not an important point. *La Thèque* is base-ball, or an intermediate between base-ball and rounders. In the drawing the pitcher is pitching overhanded; a boy is lying on the ground at short leg, as it were, and seems very likely to get his head broken. The artist, we fancy, knows little of the game; at least he appears to have grouped all the bases in a spot about twenty feet square. The pitcher is too near the striker; the fielders are too close in; the man who answers to our wicket-keeper is in the wrong place. The game is obviously not nearly so severe and dangerous as in the United States. Elegance, rather than severity, is said to mark French games. Football (*Barette*) has none of our regretted ferocity. When a man runs with the ball he is not collared and perhaps half strangled, he is merely touched. We gather that "passing" is not practised. This may all be elegant, and it is decidedly safe; but it cannot be such training for endurance and strength as the violent game at which we break our legs and collar-bones. In a picture of a "coup franc," or place-kick, the artist appears not quite to have understood what is done. It is unlikely that the French kick the ball from between the hands of the man who places it, yet this is what the sketch appears to represent. "Touch" and "off-side" are recognized in the rules. Punts and drop-kicks are also understood. There are also mauls, but of a courteous character, when the runner with the ball is touched, and has it down. What we are anxious to know is this—are these rules the ancient rules of *Barette*, or have they been framed on the Rugby model, with alleviations? The latter seems more probable; nor can we believe that Rugby, and Rugby alone, plagiarized from the French. Probably, in practice, the mild rule about merely "touching" the man with the ball will be found difficult to work, as it will be hard for any one to run more than a few yards without being touched. However, in spite of insular prejudice, there is no doubt that our game easily becomes too ferocious. In "The Match of the Season" in the *Cornhill Magazine* for May, there is a most amusing satire on the subject. The *Gouret* of France is merely our hockey, shinty, hurling, or by whatever other name it is called. There be also competitions in fencing, French boxing, running, rowing, and other modes of exercise. French golf, *La Chole*, is not mentioned, and is not precisely suitable for the purpose. To adopt our cricket would be unpatriotic, though the Dutch have done it, and we cannot expect a challenge to Eton or Harrow. But we fancy that a French schoolboys' eight at Henley would be warmly welcomed.

It is curious to find that in the Lycées they now "think" and talk of nothing else but the sports. They might do much worse; but the French educational reformers will inevitably discover that games may very easily become the single and absorbing interest of the puerile mind. We know that only too well in England. The PRESIDENT of the Republic has given a magnificent champion cup, the object of a new sort of ambition in France. Perhaps it will be found in time that too much competition is the bane of athletics, that they should be enjoyed for themselves. Nobody in his senses would recommend competition for cups at football, cricket, or athletics among English schools. The plan was tried in Scotland, and we have an idea that the struggle was found too absorbing. However, the great thing is to make a beginning, and to teach the French schoolboy the use of his legs and arms. We do not grudge his calling a football *Barette*—a nation may as well speak its own language—and we certainly do not intend to call hockey *Le Gouret*, nor rounders *La Thèque*. Let us hope that "the slovenly, clumsy schoolboy will become a prehistoric type," as the *Temps* ventures to prophesy.

TWO DELICATE DEFENDANTS.

THE return of Mr. Justice KAY to his duties in the Chancery Division, where he was welcomed with a few appropriate words by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, coincided with two strange exhibitions of the seamy side in human nature. Seldom, if ever, has a judge been confronted in a single day with two such remarkable characters as WILHELM ZIEMER and JOSEPH BOOTHMAN. The motive cause of their respective proceedings was, indeed, somewhat dissimilar. In one case it was a lady, in the other a liqueur. But in both there was the same curiously abnormal development of a quality which on its positive side may be called candour, and on its negative side shamelessness. The case of ZIEMER, or rather of the two ZIEMERS, father and son, was almost touching in its artless simplicity. For what the old OBADIAH instructed the young OBADIAH to ascertain was whether the thing which is not can be said with impunity by a manufacturer in England, with intent to deceive, as it seems it can in Germany. Unfortunately for the ZIEMERS, the English law is stricter than the German in this respect, and perhaps the youthful EMPEROR, now that he has supervised the Latinity of his professors, may spare time to discourage the forgery of trade-marks. No doubt they would all give it up if they knew that their dear KAISER was annoyed. The occupation of the elder ZIEMER, probably a lucrative one, is to sell bottles of spirits bearing the label "Liqueur fabriquée à 'Grande Chartreuse.'" This inscription is not true, and of course ZIEMER knows it to be untrue. It appears, however, that, according to that great scientific code which is the glory of German jurists, the untruth of the statement is no reason why it should not be made. One might have supposed that, these things being so, the German consumer of strong waters would pay very little attention to the name under which they were sold, and, indeed, that labels would count for nothing in the transactions of German commerce. But the inhabitants of the Fatherland are a philosophical people. Their reasons are not as those of inferior races, and they either put implicit faith in the honesty of the mercantile world, or believe that they can detect a bottle of genuine Chartreuse when they see it. So the elder ZIEMER drives a roaring trade in a composition which is made at Koenigsberg, and says it is made in Dauphiné. Not satisfied with his depredations upon his own countrymen, ZIEMER attempted to carry the war into this. But here he was promptly met by a motion for an injunction from the "Procurator of the 'French monastery of La Grande Chartreuse,'" or his agent, to which he has perforce submitted. It would be rash to infer from Mr. Justice KAY's judgment that everything which calls itself Chartreuse in this country is so. But at least one source of fabrication has been stopped, and we recommend Herr ZIEMER to deal with the natives of Africa through EMIN Pasha or Dr. PETERS.

Mr. BOOTHMAN is a much meaner and a much less amusing scoundrel than Herr ZIEMER. It is a very wrong thing to sell bad liquor, and an even worse thing to tamper with traditional appellatives. But to threaten the publication of a woman's love-letters for the purpose of extorting money is perhaps the vilest act to which a human being can stoop. The extraordinary thing about BOOTHMAN, however, is not so much his meanness as his impudence. An appreciable number of men are unhappily capable of doing anything for a hundred pounds. But most of them would indignantly deny the truth of the impeachment, and would make themselves exceedingly scarce if there were any chance of their conduct becoming the subject of public inquiry. Not so Mr. BOOTHMAN. He appeared in Court as defendant in person, and addressed Mr. Justice KAY in a strain of the loftiest eloquence. Indeed, the delicacy of his own feelings was almost too much for him when he thought of it. Yet the case which he had to present would have made some people commit suicide rather than present it. The lady who rashly engaged herself to him has since more prudently married somebody else, and in reference to that event Mr. BOOTHMAN addressed her sister-in-law in the following agreeable manner:—"Perhaps it would be as well for 'you to know I intend to have all my late fiancée's [sic] letters printed, along with a statement and full particulars of all and everything connected between us. Without my going into detail, your sister-in-law can read between the lines so far as this is concerned. At an early day I shall distribute copies in your village, Hathersage, Bow, Sheffield, &c. Thanking you for informing your sister-in-

"law of the treat in store, I am yours very truly, Jos. BOOTHMAN." Notwithstanding this egregious epistle, and indeed partly because of it, Mr. BOOTHMAN conceives that he has a serious grievance against his *fiancée*. She, it seems, once lent his sister two hundred and fifty pounds, and he "wished to recover that sum" [whatever this may mean] "for his sister." Of course Mr. BOOTHMAN has been ordered not to publish the letters, and to pay the costs of the motion. Unhappily, the letters themselves, as bits of paper, are his property, and he cannot be compelled to give them up, in order that they may be destroyed. That seems to us a defect in the law. What legitimate right could be infringed if the Court had a discretionary power to direct the destruction of documents in the possession of an unscrupulous person who threatened to divulge them?

CARDINAL MANNING AND MR. O'BRIEN.

THERE are many points of interest in Cardinal MANNING's letter to Mr. O'BRIEN concerning his novel *When We Were Boys*; but there is one which meets us at the outset, and by which no reader of the noble work of fiction referred to can fail to be arrested. "In my last letter," the Cardinal writes, "I promised you that I would write again when I had finished reading your book." Now *what is the date of this last letter?* The answer to this question will be awaited with much curiosity; for we understand that careful statistics are being collected as to the time which Mr. O'BRIEN's novel takes to read; and the evidence of so industrious a consumer of current literature—advertisement sheets and all—as Mr. O'BRIEN's correspondent would be extremely valuable. The Cardinal, however, rather complicates the inquiry by letting out the fact that, even after he had finished reading *When We Were Boys*—a moment at which some of us have felt as if we had begun reading when we were boys—he did not immediately sit down and write to the author. No; it appears that at this point a strange thing happened. When Cardinal MANNING "got to the end," he says, "I forgot the book"—not the beginning only, be it observed (which, we believe, is no uncommon experience), but the book itself. He could "only think of Ireland, its manifold sufferings, and its inextricable sorrows. For years," he said to himself, "I have been saying these words—'The Irish people are the most profoundly Christian and the most energetically Catholic people on the face of the earth.'" Here, it seems to us, is an interesting instance of "unconscious cerebration." Cardinal MANNING thinks he had forgotten the book; but, in fact, not only the book, but its author—the patron of boycotting and the projector of the Plan of Campaign—must have been "at the back of his mind"; and it was this latent association of ideas which recalled that "profound Christianity" of the Irish people which shows itself in the attempt to starve or persecute unpopular fellow-citizens into the grave, and that "energetic Catholicism" which they demonstrate by disregarding the reproofs and defying the injunctions of the Head of their Church.

The Cardinal—though this is perhaps less worthy of remark—has as little doubt about their wrongs as he has about the profundity of their Christianity and the energy of their Catholicism. They have been "afflicted," he says, "by every kind of sorrow, barbarous and refined"—we wonder in which of these two heads he classes their worst affliction, the political agitator. "All that centuries of warfare of race against race and religion against religion can inflict upon a people has been their inheritance. But the day of restitution has nearly come"—a real "day of restitution," we may remark, in passing, would be a rather heavy settling-day for the organizers and machinemen of the Plan—and Cardinal MANNING hopes to see the daybreak, and hopes that Mr. O'BRIEN will see the noontide, "when the people of Ireland will be readmitted, as far as is possible, to the possession of their own soil, and shall be admitted, as far as possible, to the making and administration of their own local laws, while they shall still share in the legislation which governs and consolidates the Empire." From this, of course, it is to be gathered that the "day of restitution," as Cardinal MANNING uses the phrase, has no reference to any atonement on the part of Mr. O'BRIEN and his associates for what was once called by some one their "policy of public plunder." That of which Irishmen are to get—not make—restitution is something which neither

Ireland nor any other portion of the United Kingdom has ever enjoyed before—to wit, the privilege of making laws for herself, while still continuing to intermeddle in the law-making of the realm from which she is striving to separate herself. When this comes off Cardinal MANNING assures Mr. O'BRIEN "KEN and MABEL shall be no more parted." This would, of course, be highly gratifying; but, whether it be worth while to annihilate a realm to make two woovers happy may remain doubtful. Perhaps, however, the Cardinal has not thought it worth while to trouble himself about what may befall the Protestant member of the united Irish family; or, may be, he thinks that the struggle which must inevitably ensue between him and his profoundly Christian and energetically Catholic brother would be good for his soul.

THE COUNTY COUNCIL AND OPEN SPACES.

AFTER a lengthy debate, enlivened by some pretty illustrations of old Vestry manners, the County Council has agreed to re-open and maintain certain open spaces which had been provided by the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association in some of the poorest and most crowded districts of London. By this wise decision a well-merited rebuke is administered to the majority of those fussy Councilmen who love to be styled progressive, and the County Council undertakes at once necessary work and the discharge of its duty. The debate was full of instruction. One of the most diverting incidents arose from the statement, in the published reports of the meeting, that it was Sir THOMAS FARRER to whom the credit of the motion is due. But this, as Sir THOMAS hastened to explain, was an error. It was not he, but Mr. PHILLIPS, the Chairman of the Parks and Open Spaces Committee, who led the victorious party. Sir THOMAS FARRER, as his letter shows, is still the Friend of Humanity. His indignant protests, not less than his vote on this occasion, recall that crabbed type of virtuous Radicalism. "I give thee fresh air and 'sunny spots of greenery!'" is all the needy East-End gets from Sir THOMAS FARRER, Friend of Humanity. The open spaces in question are all pleasant little oases in deserts of brick and mortar. Nine of the eleven are in the most populous East-End districts. They were once abandoned burial-grounds, and in recent years, through voluntary subscriptions of the public, have been converted by the Gardens Association into neat and quiet retreats, with well-ordered lawns, walks, and seats. The care of these open spaces was undertaken by the Metropolitan Board of Works, and no one denies that the work was efficiently performed, and at no extravagant outlay. But it seems there are members of the County Council, always loud in their abhorrence of the evil deeds of its predecessors, who are yet eagerly determined to avoid any emulation of the Beard's useful and reputable labours. They pity the plumage, but forget the dying bird. Let these open spaces perish, or provide District Councils, is their cry, forgetful that their attitude does rather lessen than increase whatever necessity there may be for such subordinate bodies. Nothing could be more pettish or more paltry. After inheriting so large a share of the powers formerly invested in the local authority, with enormous additional powers of their own, the shrill call of these Councilmen to the local authorities in the East End to gird their loins and be up and doing is inconceivably petty. They shelter themselves under the general principle that the County Council was not created to do work that is imperatively needed, even though the work is but a temporary undertaking, an efficient stopgap till the day of the much-desired District Councils arrives. We do not question the sincerity of the plea. There is a kind of vanity that finds gratification in the thought that public officials may be too august and high for works of utility. The truth is, the County Council cannot always be imperial; it must condescend occasionally to minister to local needs, though lofty spirits may dub such work "parochial." The contention that the Council does not possess the right to deal with local matters is entirely outside the question decided by Tuesday's vote, for the protest that these East-End open spaces result in local benefits is palpably absurd. Such a statement cannot for a moment be applied to open spaces two of which are in Holborn and Clerkenwell, and the remainder scattered over so large and populous a district as the East End.

Sir THOMAS FARRER thinks it will be fatal to economy to adopt the recommendation of the Parks Committee,

and dangerous to the credit of the County Council. Otherspeakers in the debate took the severe economic ground, among them Professor STUART, whose sense of the fatality to sound administration involved in the motion was mingled with some fair fiscal expectations in the future. He thought the Council should avoid all unnecessary expenditure as far as possible, until, to use the elegant phrase attributed to him, "they have got hold of new sources of income." A pleasant prospect this for the burdened ratepayer, and a pretty compliment to the economy-loving Council. This zeal for economy is really very touching. It were hard to say how far it is inspired by the proposed expenditure on open spaces of 900*l.* a year until October 1892. Perhaps the increase in the rates is moving in some sensitive consciences obstinate questionings, causing a fearful looking forward to the next election. If the rise in the rates is "innocent, and even laudable," as Radical apologists say, why these painful symptoms of galled withers, this sudden enthusiasm for economy, this charge of "lying statements" by councilman against councilman? The fears of Sir THOMAS FARRER for the good repute of the County Council are altogether baseless in this instance. The Council never did a wiser thing than when they confirmed the Report of their own Committee by carrying the open spaces vote this week.

WATKIN, GLADSTONE, & CO. (LIMITED).

WE do not know whether Sir EDWARD WATKIN, who has assurance enough for anything, will claim the diminished majority against his Channel Tunnel Bill last Thursday as evidence that the measure is gradually growing in public favour. If he does, he will doubtless find no difficulty in explaining the circumstance that, though its opponents did not vote in such strength this year as they did in 1888, the number of its supporters is itself smaller. As a matter of fact, the same cause—and that a cause totally unconnected with the merits or popularity of the Bill—has obviously operated to reduce the numbers on each side; and, as is invariably the case with such causes, it has produced an indefinitely more potent effect upon the stronger party. The very simple explanation of the whole matter is that in 1888 Sir EDWARD WATKIN's project was pronounced upon, and for the fourth time rejected, at a Wednesday morning sitting; whereas this year the second reading of his Bill came on for debate "at the time of private business." Those who are aware of the difficulty of getting members to come down to the House at so early an hour will appreciate the task which the Whips had to perform, and will understand that the numbers voting form no sort of trustworthy index to the real distribution of opinion in the House. Add to this that a certain number of opponents of the Bill may possibly have been induced by what Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH justly described as the "audacious document" circulated by the promoter of the Bill to regard the division with indifference. A certain amount, that is to say, of indolent opposition may have been disarmed by the assurance that the Bill in no sense whatever authorizes the construction of the Tunnel, but simply enables the Channel Tunnel Company to continue the experimental borings and works for the sole purpose of ascertaining whether such construction is practicable.

If any such persons there were, they will have learned by this time, on the authority of Sir EDWARD WATKIN's most distinguished supporter, how completely they have been deceived. Mr. GLADSTONE said, and, in our opinion, with perfect justice, that he "regarded the second reading of this Bill, if carried, as a vote completely giving sanction to the Channel Tunnel in principle." Undoubtedly it would have been so represented, and we are indebted to Mr. GLADSTONE for the candour of an admission with the consequences of which only Sir EDWARD WATKIN and himself are concerned. As to Mr. GLADSTONE's reasons for approving of the "giving of sanction to the Channel Tunnel in principle," they are about as exquisite as they were in 1888, only they are now stated with a little more rhetorical warmth, and they are accompanied by a greater accentuation of historical arguments which a schoolboy directed to write a "theme" on the question of submarine communication between France and England would have hesitated to use. "Now the French people," the young essayist might perhaps write, "were

"vexed when they learned that the English people would not consent to make a tunnel between France and England, but they were too polite to complain. They did not see why the English should be afraid of making the tunnel, because it would be a way for them to get into France just as much as for Frenchmen to get into England." But, though the young essayist might get as far as this, we doubt whether even he would have gone on to say that the French declared, also, that it was "very foolish of the English to be afraid of the French invading their country, because they had themselves invaded France much more often than France had invaded England." And, if that line of argument would seem a little silly, even to Master GEORGE OSBORNE in the days of his earliest efforts at literary composition, it appears equally probable that an undergraduate making any way with his logic would look somewhat askance at the reasoning embodied in the sentences, "The French know that we are masters of the sea; and, if we were to cease to have possession of the Channel, that would, for the purpose of invasion, be fatal to our position. It does not turn upon the Channel Tunnel in the slightest degree." Not if the construction of the Channel Tunnel should entirely alter our "position" even while we do remain "masters of the sea"! We presume that Mr. GLADSTONE would not go so far as to say that. Yet on that depends the very question he was arguing.

LINKS NOT MISSING.

IV.

HOYLAKE.

ALL good golf links are at the mouth of a river; and this is true of Hoylake, only more so, for it is at the mouth of two. Links-ground—i.e. ground with a sandy subsoil, which is the only soil on which the real game of golf can be played—is the work of alluvial deposit. The river brings down the crude material for bunkers; the sea, washing in, arrests it; so that gradually it reclaims itself, and a short, close grass grows over it to make it a golf links.

Hoylake is a little watering-place in Cheshire. From Liverpool the best course to it is through the new tunnel under the Mersey. The journey only takes half an hour, unless you get bunkered by taking the wrong train. Trains are plentiful. It is hard to say whether Hoylake Links are at the mouth of the Mersey or of the Dee. From one end of the course you might drive a golf-ball into the one, from the other end into the other; but the Royal Hotel and the Club-house, which is under the same roof, and the first tee and the last hole—the Alpha and Omega of all that is of interest to the golfer—are at the Hoylake end, within range of the Mersey. Thence you may see the great American liners outward or homeward bound.

The remark that the golfer will be inclined to make on his first view of Hoylake Links will be uncomplimentary. It is so flat. It looks as if it were going to be uninteresting. But it is not so. It has corners of fields which stick out in unexpected and cunningly vexatious places; it has "cops" which is North-country English for banks; and it has ditches. Then on the Dee-side of the course there are great sandhills almost rivalling the majesty of the Prestwick Himalayas, and the whole length and breadth of the course is the arena of a struggle for existence between the alien golfer and the native rabbit. The place used to be called the Rabbit Warren. "The Warren, it was considered," we are told by an ingenious chronicler of the Club's history, "would form most admirable links." It sounds ominous. Even to-day at Hoylake it is quite curious, considering how difficult it is to get a ball into a golf-hole, how easy it is to get it into a rabbit-hole, and this in the days when the golfer has got the upper hand, and driven the rabbit into the skirts of the course—his "Reserves!" What must it have been in those primeval days, when, as the chronicler naively puts it, it was considered that the Warren "would form most admirable links"?

The chronicler was quite right in his consideration. The links are most admirable. The putting-greens are such as are nowhere equalled. They are not flat, but so perfectly true that the effect of their undulations may be calculated to a nicety. The fairly-struck ball goes stealing along over them long after it seems as if it ought to stop, as if it went on little invisible legs, with a head of its own to guide it, "like the ships of the Phœnicians." One green, of course, differs from another in glory; but, on the whole, they are probably the best in the kingdom of golf. The Hoylake rabbit, even yet, does not understand golf—or, at least, certainly does not enter into its best spirit—for he comes out at night from his "Reserves," and scrapes a little pit quite near the hole. "Ole Brer Rabbit" is a scamp in the Old World or the New, and most likely chuckles shockingly to himself as he hears what the golfer has to say when his ball is just neatly fitted into a little scrape in the middle of the course. But "Ole Brer Rabbit" is less bold and ubiquitous than he used to be, and

another form of vexation is quickly disappearing in the posts and rails of the old, disused racecourse. The golfer's wrath and niblick and the people's need of firewood have almost made an end of them. The hazards mentioned under the name of "cop" and "ditch" and "bank" do not sound the right thing, but they are really better than they sound, because the bottom of each ditch is sand, and there is a ditch before each "cop." So that, to all golfing intents and purposes, "ditch and cop" may be translated "bunker," and the golfer be made happy. Moreover, in the last year the Committee have been making the tees for the homecoming holes further in among the Dee-side sandhills than in days of old. Homecomers do not now drive into the faces of the outgoers, as they used to do consistently. The new ground thus taken in is still rough, though quite playable, but is just the sort of country that will work into really good golfing material, with hazards of bent, sandhill, and bunker. There are a few apologies for rushes here and there, but they are worn so bald and scanty that the golfer need scarcely treat them with deference.

Two good drives on a calm day to the first hole at Hoylake will land you comfortably into a long bunker just twenty yards short of the hole. So if your first is not an exceptional one, it is the better part of valour to play short with a cleek. Error, to the right or left, means rabbit-holes and trouble. A good drive to the next puts you in reach of an out-of-bounds field on the right, and the rabbit "Reserves" on the left. Again you have to play very straight, for the bank of the field is aggravated by a ditch, but if all goes well you are within a wrist shot in two. The next tee is among the rabbit-burrows. A topped ball generally goes down one, but it is a moderate carry to the safe ground, and an iron shot lands you on the hole. The fourth hole gives you a bunker to drive over, with a few outlying rabbit-holes, or, if you pull your ball sufficiently, you may find or lose yourself on the high road. The road leads to West Kirby, but it leads the golfer nowhere, for he is not allowed to play out of it. Off a good drive a good iron shot will land you on the green, a topped one in a bunker. The fifth hole offers every possible facility to the erratic driver for coming to grief. All the way out, in fact, until the ninth hole, you have only to pull your ball to get into an out-of-bounds field. Pulling on the first three or four holes in will land you in benty sandhill, so that on the whole it is better at Hoylake to be "on the heel" than "on the pull." This fifth hole has a ditch flanking the course on the right, as well as on the left; but the lies in the ditch on the right hand are not a circumstance, in point of vile-ness, to those in the ditch on the left. But there is also a cross ditch which a very long shot will reach. A cleek is a good club here, and again for the second shot a cleek, and, if you are Mr. John Ball, junior, a cleek for your third, which will land you on the putting-green over another little bunkery ditch. The next hole may be reached in one shot if you hit it. It is called the "cop" hole because there is a "cop" just before the hole, into which you will go if you hit your ball indifferently. If you hit your ball worse than indifferently you may make intimate acquaintance with a nearer and dearer—that is, more costly—"cop" just in front of the tee. And so you fare on towards the houses of West Kirby and the ninth hole. There is little to stop you if you do not get "on the pull." There is Dun's grave—a bunker named after an eponymous hero who frequents it—to be avoided near the seventh hole. A very bad top may land you in a bunker going to the eighth; but the former is but a drive and an iron shot, and the latter no more than a drive. The ninth needs playing. Two straight shots land you in a bad deep bunker. You have to choose between playing short with a cleek, or driving to the right. The former plan leaves you a long shot home, the latter takes you into doubtful country—in which dilemma we will leave you. From the teeing-ground to the tenth hole, set up on high, you have a beautiful view of the Welsh hills in the distance, and, nearer, the sands of Dee where Mary went "to call the cattle home," but never home came she. We are not told about the cattle. The tide goes out over the sands for miles and miles, and comes in, they say, as fast as a horse can gallop. Perhaps the pace of a horse's gallop is variously estimated. From the tenth tee, two fair shots, with a little luck in the lie, may take you into the punch-bowl in which is the hole. The tee-shot for the eleventh brings you to the level ground again—that is, if it be struck. In all these holes a cruel fate awaits the topping sinner. The twelfth hole is a new one. The drive puts you within a wrist-iron of it, but a mighty sandhill intervenes; and in the excitement of running to its top to see the fate of the ball it suggests, though with some long interval, the seventeenth hole at Prestwick. Away then, with a drive and a cleek shot, to a hole beside some rushes, and then comes a little pitch-iron-shot hole, just over a sandy ditch. It may be done in one, but there is the little bunker just before it, and "Ole Brer Rabbit" and his "Reserves" beyond. After the short hole, the course runs up between ditches to a hole named the Field Hole, lying just over a patch of rushes, with a bunkery ditch beyond. It is a good hole in four. A heeled shot to the next, the Lake Hole, puts you among the rabbit-holes. Rabbits caught on this part of the warren are said to have flesh of the same piquant flavour of guttapercha as the trout of the Prestwick burn. But a straight drive enables you to get near home to the Lake Hole—along the old racecourse—in a second. If the second be heeled, it will be in an out-of-bounds field, and a like fate befalls the heeled tee shot to the seventeenth hole. With a

safe straight first and second, a pitch-iron shot lands you on the green in three; and then away for the home hole and the Club-house in a drive and an iron, with no obstacle but a "cop" which will catch a topped tee shot.

On the whole, a flat links, where the "sure" tells more than the "far," yet not an uneventful links, for there is great variety. Some holes are specially adapted for that running-up-with-the-putter stroke which its scornors speak of as the "underground." Other holes, again, just over the "cops," need as finished a mastery of the pitching stroke as North Berwick itself. But, above all, it is a links of lovely putting-greens—probably the best. Its rabbit-holes are not to be admired. They make bad golfing hazards; for they are indefinite. One ball among the rabbit-holes may lie teed, while another, landing quite close beside it, may be several yards underground, with a family of rabbits battenning on it. No wild driver should come to Hoylake without a ferret trained to draw guttapercha.

The Liverpool Golf Club was formally opened at Hoylake by the late Mr. Robert Chambers in 1869. Mr. J. Muir Dowie took a very leading part in its formation, and in 1871 the Club took the title of Royal, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught becoming its President, with Lord Stanley of Alderley (in whose lordship of the manor the links are) as his Vice. Hoylake thus helped on the new life of English golf which had started at Westward Ho! after languishing so long at Blackheath. It is a good central spot, more accessible than golf links are apt to be. Many professional tournaments have been held there; and the Hoylake Club deserves the special gratitude of amateurs for its services in promoting the amateur championship competition, which was almost entirely due to its exertions.

A deal of good golf has been and is played at Hoylake. Mr. John Ball, junior, the present amateur champion, learnt all his golf—and that is a good deal—at Hoylake, as did Mr. H. H. Hilton and others whose names are famous. So that, though the links are flat, it is clear that they are no bad school for golf, with Jack Morris for head-master.

Hoylake is also famous for its shrimps and prawns. Its potted shrimps are almost better even than its putting-greens.

LA LUTTE POUR LA VIE.

M. DAUDET wrote *La Lutte pour la Vie* with a purpose. To judge from the play itself, and not from the Preface of the author, that purpose was a good one, and has been not ill attained. M. Daudet tells us that his object is to show how immoral is the doctrine named "struggle for life." If this is not a joke of the author of *Tartarin de Tarascon*, he has failed. And, after all, M. Daudet may be serious, for he is also the author of *L'Évangéliste*. Supposing him to be in earnest, he has proved the contrary of what he meant to prove, which is that "Darwinism makes dangerous villains and promotes vice." As a matter of fact, his villain is a poor creature, and vice is finally punished by his suppression as unfit to live. There is a moral lesson, fitter for comedy than for melodrama, but good in itself, which the play does teach. It is, that half-educated persons who attempt to draw practical deductions from phrases which they do not understand are liable to make great fools of themselves, and sometimes are led into mischief. This old but excellent doctrine is preached by example up and down the play at length. To take one example—which, to be sure, is the best—Lortigue, a minor character, but a *struggle for life* of the first water, announces in the fourth act that he has become converted to the teaching of "Berkeley," which, it seems, is "la doctrine écossaise," and that again, wondrous to relate, is this—"Rien n'existe, le monde est une fantasmagorie. Le principe admis, on peut tout se permettre; cela n'a pas la moindre importance." Thackeray once pointed out to George Sand what a pity it was that authoresses would play at being philosophes. It is sad to see ingenious literary gentlemen leaving the farce or pathos they know to rush, naked and not ashamed, into the discussion of doctrines they do not understand. Perhaps, however, M. Daudet is only laughing at the mania of many of his countrymen for parrot-like repetition of phrases. If so, he has done it very well.

The play on which all these rags of science and philosophy are hung is essentially a commonplace melodrama. It is not well constructed, for the action advances by a succession of standing jumps; but it contains some effective scenes, and, being the work by a master writer, it is literature, though not of the best. The dialogue is often excellent, and the points sharp. The characters we know of old in M. Daudet's own work and elsewhere. Our old friend Paul Astier of *L'Immortel* is the central figure. He has been married for some time to his Duchess, has spent her money, is tired of her, and anxious to be rid of his chain. To relieve the tedium of existence at his wife's château of Mousseaux, he has seduced her companion, Lydie, the daughter of a painfully virtuous father, and has also met and decided to obtain possession of a wealthy heiress named Esther de Sélény. When the play opens he is scheming to get rid of wife and mistress in order to marry the heiress. Many villains have been in this position in many melodramas before the struggle for life was heard of. Paul Astier, except in so far as he differs from them in the use of a new phrase, acts as former melodramatic villains have done—only less cleverly than some we have known. He is spoken of as an *homme fort*

mainly on the strength of his own assertions of his strength. Here, perhaps, the satirical intention of M. Daudet comes in again. Betrayed, like a certain famous political character, by a partial reliance on his moral character, into schemes beyond the depth of his understanding, he launches into a course of unsuccessful intrigue. Throughout he is the sport of accident, which is not the part of a strong man. The wretched Lydie tries to poison herself, and he prevents her, though it was his obvious interest to let her die. His wife refuses to add the scandal of a divorce to the scandal of her marriage. After cajolery, which has no visible object, he attempts to poison her, but his heart fails him, and he betrays himself. Then she at last consents to the divorce, and Paul is about to marry Esther. Lydie, however, has died in the interval—of a broken heart apparently, and Paul is shot by the father. That is the skeleton of the play. The main action is helped out by a certain amount of commonplace comic business carried on by a very ordinary widow and an absurd Italian, who is brought in to punish the Triple Alliance, we suppose. When the "struggle for life," which is *balderdash*, is deducted, what remains is, as we have said, melodrama in good French—not a bad thing, but no new or wonderful thing either. The morality is of that marvellous order which the sane English mind cannot profess to understand. Lydie, for instance, is obviously meant to be a sympathetic character, and is the martyr of the piece; yet she has behaved with the grossest ingratitude to her benefactress, the Duchess, she never shows the least remorse for this, and when she is cast off, she tries to poison herself, though she knows her death will break her father's heart. To us she seems a weak and wanton little baggage, who would be much the better for a smart whipping; but of such is the kingdom of heaven as figured by the modern moral French novelist.

The acting is of a fair level of excellence, above which Mme. Pasca towers by more than the head and shoulders. Her movements and gestures are at times distinctly traditional, and even mechanical, and she has always more breadth and force than delicacy, but the performance is sound in the nobler parts. The passion is vehement, but measured, and in point of mere cleverness nothing could be better than the manner in which, under the stress of the violent emotion of the poisoning scene, all remains even of middle age seem to fade from the Duchess's face, and she becomes a withered and broken old woman. It is done by expression, and not by trick. M. Marais is a Frenchman, acting a very French and not quite intelligible part, and it is, no doubt, our fault—and, perhaps, a little M. Daudet's—if he does not make Paul Astier very credible to us. For the rest of the Gymnase company, they know their business, and do their work. It would be invidious to name one rather than another, and the theory that one should name all would impose a slavery against which the critic with the spirit of a mouse revolts.

THE DANGERS OF HYPNOTISM.

THE present outbreak of hypnotism, or mesmerism—for they are identical—has begun to engage the attention of the authorities upon the Continent. The practice of this art has been recently forbidden in the French army and navy, and is shortly to be restricted in Belgium to members of the medical profession—at least so far as the young and the insane are concerned. This is not the first time that such a step has become necessary. Early in the century mesmerism, which had languished during the troublous times of the Napoleonic wars, sprang up again with tremendous energy upon the conclusion of peace, and speedily overran Europe. This was particularly the case in Germany, where the Berlin Academy of Science offered a prize for the best essay on the subject; and in 1817 it was found necessary to make the practice illegal except in the hands of qualified physicians. So, too, in Denmark, about the same time, and in Russia, in 1825. The reasons for this were, no doubt, the same as those which induced the University authorities of Oxford and Cambridge, some fifteen years ago, to forbid the *séances* of a certain well-known professional mesmerist in those towns. The undergraduates used to flock to these performances, and many of them suffered seriously in health from the nervous derangement consequent upon repeated hypnotization. It is, indeed, denied by no one except Professor Bernheim and the other hypnotizers at Nancy that the process may be attended by some danger to health. "L'hypnotisation est un agent perturbateur à un haut degré du système nerveux" is the authoritative statement of M. Paul Richer in the *Dictionnaire Encyclopédique des Sciences Médicales*. It often develops or aggravates attacks of acute hysteria, and cases have occurred in which, after hypnotic catalepsy, for instance, the use of an arm has been lost for some time, or the perception of colours impaired thorough the induction of visual hallucinations. But it is not only this aspect of the matter which has engaged attention abroad. The remarkable studies in somnambulism and in the unlimited power of suggestion which have been carried out at Nancy open up another and a more serious set of questions touching the relations between hypnotism and crime. These questions may be considered under three heads:—

(1.) The observed phenomena of somnambulism (which is an hypnotic condition) show that somnambulists may unconsciously but spontaneously commit unlawful acts of which they have no

knowledge and recollection when awake. In such cases, although really irresponsible and ignorant of what they have done, they may be held guilty and punished accordingly. A case illustrating this point is the *Affaire L. R.* (Loir-et-Cher, 1883). A servant-girl was accused of having robbed her mistress, and was sent to prison. It turned out that she had been accustomed to be hypnotized by a doctor; he recognized her in prison, and was allowed to hypnotize her again as an experiment. In the hypnotic state she at once recollected having moved the missing things in order to put them in a safer place. She described the place to the judge, who found them in the spot precisely according to her description, and she was immediately released. The fact was that she had become somnambulist through being hypnotized, had moved the things in this state, forgetting, as is usual, what she had done on waking, but remembering again in the hypnotic state. It is easy to see how miscarriages of justice may occur in cases of this nature. Not only may the irresponsible hypnotic be condemned for a real or supposed crime, but suspicion may fall upon wholly innocent persons. Several instances have occurred in the French law courts.

(2.) Crimes may be committed on persons in a condition of hypnotism. It will be enough to mention the following actual cases. *Affaire Lévy*, 1879:—Lévy was a dentist who hypnotized one of his patients, a young woman, and utilized the opportunity to commit an assault. She knew nothing of what had happened, but when the consequences became apparent he confessed the crime. He was prosecuted by the young woman and her mother, made a full confession in open court, and was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. But if she had not become *enceinte* the crime would never have been discovered, and if he had not confessed it could never have been proved. *Affaire Castellan*, 1865:—Josephine Hughes, a respectable young woman living with her father, was hypnotized by Castellan, a vagabond mesmeriser to whom they gave shelter. He compelled her to leave her home, follow him, and live with him, though he was a filthy and repulsive creature. She was rescued, all the facts fully established, and Castellan sentenced to twelve years' hard labour. In court he offered to give proof of his powers. All she remembered was being compelled to submit to him by an irresistible power. *Kidnapping children*:—Dr. Esdaile, a Scotch surgeon in India, and an expert mesmeriser (he established under Government in 1845 a hospital at Hooghly, in which he performed several hundred operations under hypnotic anaesthesia), had reason to suspect a native barber of kidnapping a boy under hypnotic influence. His suspicions were aroused by the boy's appearance. He tried experiments, which were repeated in court, and found he could make natives follow him involuntarily. The man was condemned to nine years' labour in irons; the sentence was confirmed by the Supreme Court, but eventually remitted by the Government. A similar case is related in a Malacca journal of 1820. These cases are particularly interesting, as children are extremely sensitive to hypnotism. At Nancy there has not been a single failure with children under fourteen years of age.

(3.) Hypnotized persons may be made, by means of "suggestion," the unconscious and involuntary agents of crime. With regard to this point, which is the most interesting of all, it is only right to say that the brilliant and scientific body of Paris physicians who practise hypnotism do not greatly believe in the danger. They maintain that hypnotism is a morbid condition allied to hysteria, which can only affect in its higher manifestations a small number of people; and they deny the all-important part ascribed by the Nancy doctors to the power of suggestion. In this they labour under the disadvantage of having to maintain a negative position, which may easily be overthrown by a more extended experience, and are probably—we may say undoubtedly—wrong. The susceptibility to suggestion may not be so universal as it is thought to be at Nancy; but its danger, when it does exist, can hardly be exaggerated. As Professor Beaunis says, "It is of no use to try and minimize the gravity of this fact, and it is far better to recognize it as it really is, that is to say, the absolute power in certain cases of the hypnotizer over his subject." The history of mesmerism is full of instances of persons in the higher mesmeric, hypnotic, or somnambulist states—the word does not signify—performing acts in obedience to the will of another, with complete abolition of consciousness, of volition, and of subsequent recollection. There is nothing new in this. As early as 1784 De Puysegur, Mesmer's pupil, pointed out the danger of the magnetic condition, as it was then called, being turned to criminal purposes in unscrupulous hands; and Teste, writing about 1840, declared that a subject "belongs body and soul to the magnetizer if he is base and dastardly enough to use the power." The Nancy doctors have discovered nothing new; but they have developed the phenomena with greater fulness and exactness than their predecessors, and have lent the *cachet* of scientific observation to facts which have been previously received with suspicion or openly scouted as ridiculous or impossible. M. Liégeois, professor of law at Nancy, has especially investigated the medico-legal aspects of the matter. The chief points are these:—certain subjects can be made to do whatever is suggested to them, not only at the time, but at any fixed date afterwards; they remember nothing of the suggestion, but when the time comes they do the thing, believing themselves to be free agents; they can be made to commit unlawful acts against their own conscience. The truth of these statements rests upon numerous experiments attested

by a number of independent witnesses, whose intelligence and integrity are beyond question. Thus suggestions have been made to hypnotic patients that they shall perform certain acts a week, a month, and even several months afterwards, and they have done them exactly at the given time, forgetting all about it in the meanwhile and believing themselves to be free agents. On October 12, 1884, Professor Bernheim suggested to a patient that he should present himself at Dr. Liébeault's house on October 12, 1885, and should there go through a complicated series of acts. Nothing more was said, but on the appointed day the patient faithfully carried out the programme, displaying a better memory than Dr. Bernheim himself. Again, two ladies were made by Professor Beaunis actually to steal silver spoons and commit other acts from which they would have shrunk in horror. Other patients have been made to commit (imaginary) murders, both with poison and with knife, and have exhibited all the emotions proper to the occasion. An interesting point is that of resistance; there is resistance to immoral acts, the patient retains a sense of right and wrong, but the resistance may be overcome. No case of this kind has yet come into the law courts, and these are only "crimes of the laboratory"; but it is obvious that a door may possibly be opened for the committal of crime with almost absolute impunity. At any rate, the whole subject is one which merits earnest attention. Perhaps the best safeguard is to give wide publicity to the facts, so that people may know the danger and refrain from exposing themselves. But it is also the duty of the authorities to consider whether a practice which is certainly harmful to the individual, and may be dangerous to the community, should be allowed to be carried on in the form of sensational public exhibitions.

WATER-COLOURS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

WE do not recollect any previous year in which so praiseworthy a collection of water-colour drawings has been made at the Royal Academy. In number there are no fewer than four hundred examples, the miniatures being included. The Academy has shown its interest in this branch of art—which it used to be accused, and with justice, of neglecting—by purchasing a water-colour drawing under the terms of the Chantrey bequest. The general merit of the work in this room is distinctly high, especially in landscape; and this is the more interesting because the members and associates of the two Societies which officially protect the interests of water-colour are conspicuously absent. The result shows how much meritorious work of an unofficial kind is produced in this country.

The most important drawings of the year are, beyond question, a pair of small paintings by Mr. E. J. Gregory, who exhibits nothing else in the Academy, and is becoming the representative A.R.A. for water-colours. Those who wish to understand why Mr. Gregory, who is scarcely known to the public at large, and who never exhibits any picture "of importance," as it is called, is by a fervent coterie of young students considered the greatest living English painter, may perhaps obtain some information by carefully examining "Fanny Bunter" (1186) and "Prince Giglio" (1193). The latter, however, is positively a concession on Mr. Gregory's part, since it is unintelligible without a reference to Thackeray, and it is the central principle of this painter to live by paint, and paint alone, uninfluenced in the smallest degree by literary ideas, by selection of subject, or by any other motive except one, the absolutely accurate rendering, with the brush, of a certain bit of nature taken at random, or chosen on account of its unpaintableness. If Mr. Gregory pleases us, his triumph is a very genuine one, for he offers nothing but the extreme quintessence of art, with every accidental attraction studiously removed. "Fanny Bunter" is a red-haired, sulky girl, in a pink satin dress with a pale blue skirt, seated holding a violin, in a chair, against a tall screen of green and gold-stamped leather. It is perfectly uninteresting, except perhaps in the blaze of colour, but skill in painting has probably never been carried further than in some of the details—the exquisite hands, for instance, and the forehead of the girl. "Prince Giglio" is a foolish epicene person, in armour, with a flaxen wig, and great innocent eyes thrown upwards; another marvel of painting, about which there is nothing to be said, except that it reaches the extremity of technical perfection. There is a mode of reaching apparent finish which is a little too elaborate, and over-vaults itself. It is instructive to turn from Mr. Gregory to Miss Kate Hayllar's very clever still-life called "A Thing of Beauty" (1190). Here the finish is positively amazing; the oriental vase, the Raphael engraving, the white azalea, the yellow embroidered silk of the armchair, the blue Doulton pot, the gold wall-paper, are reproduced so that one seems able to touch them; yet the effect is not finally artistic as Mr. Gregory's is, since he knows, with the extreme delicacy of his instinct, what Miss Hayllar does not know, the exact point at which to leave off.

Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, the architect, has long been known for his refined landscapes in water-colour. He sends this year a Swiss study near Zermatt, "Evening" (1204); looking up the valley, the huge violet peak is seen intensely drawn against the purity of a pale lilac sky. Figures lounge on the rustic bridge across the gorge in the foreground. The place of honour in the Water-Colour Room is given to a very large drawing by Mr. W. J. Wyllie, "The Teutonic leaving Liverpool" (1307). The

immense black and white steamer, brick-red at the water-line, is just stirring; in the foreground a tug is conducting a fleet of boats, like a duck leading her ducklings. The spires of the city are seen in blue-grey in the distance. This is a strong and solid work, well carried out. It is natural to turn with curiosity to the drawing which the Royal Academy has bought, Mr. Nisbet's "Evening Stillness" (1349); the choice of the Council is justified, for this is a landscape of great distinction and beauty. It is somewhat in the old manner of the Norwich school, a sombre moorland in late twilight, with shining water in the foreground, and a solitary windmill drawn against the luminous sky at the most glowing point in the horizon of dying light. The harmony of tones is as exquisite and rich as it is absolutely simple. Mr. Marks sends "A Proposal" (1175); one great white sulphur-created cockatoo is whispering soft nothings to another on a bough.

Mr. Leopold Rivers has painted a fine landscape, "Near High Lawn Hill, Essex" (1188); an evening effect on a row of richly-coloured, old, half-timbered cottages, whose browns, brick-reds, whites, and buffs make up an agreeable arrangement of tints; the light from the flush of sunset in the West is skilfully distributed. An amusing bit of genre is Miss Mary Stevens's "How I wonder what you are" (1205), a brilliantly-dressed little papier-mâché Japanese doll gazing in amazement up at the skeleton of a great bird twice her height. The figure-pieces are not very numerous. One of the best of them is "Bad News" (1223), by Mr. Henry G. Massey. An old woman in a cottage is reading, with a difficulty and a distressful tremor of the hands which are clearly suggested, a letter, while a young girl, too impatient to wait, leans over her shoulder, and will be reading also. The figures in this drawing are better than the accessories—a circumstance which is rather unusual in this class of drawing. The "Twixt Hope and Fear" (1302) of Mr. Reginald Barber is one of the most ambitious water-colours at the Royal Academy. It is the life-size study of a Roman girl in a white dress, with bare arms, leaning against a marble wall, and wringing her hands in anxious distress. This is a strong piece of painting, bearing evidences of the influence of Mr. Poynter.

One of the most remarkable drawings of the year is Mr. Arthur Melville's "Arabs returning from a Raid" (1338); it is night-fall, and the domes and cupolas of a Moorish town are strongly silhouetted in smoky blue against the pale orange light of dying sunset. Up to the walls, which are drowned in obscurity, a troop of Arabs, dimly distinguished by their flowing white robes and turbans and their black horses, are galloping homeward, carrying a crimson flag in the midst of them—a single point of colour which is repeated in reflection in some shallow waters in the foreground. The rapid movement of the almost spectral procession through the darkness is admirably suggested, and the whole scene is given in colour as Pierre Loti would give it in words. We might easily have too much of this, but there is no question about the force of a single specimen. Another painter of the new Glasgow school, Mr. James Paterson, contributes a little melancholy landscape, called "Windy Trees" (1214), very fine in tone.

We must now call attention, in a desultory way, to the most important drawings which have not yet been mentioned. Mr. Arthur Bell's excellent studies of wet days in the market-place and on the quay of Yarmouth (1177, 1236) must not be overlooked; nor the shores of Mr. George Cockram, who has caught with considerable dexterity the look of tawny sand and silvery breaking sea under a grey sky. There are three drawings of the Welsh coast by this artist, all creditable to him. Mr. Nelson Dawson is a painter rapidly rising into public recognition; his "Twilight" (1176) is a delicate study of a land-locked sandy bay. Among portraits, two especially call for notice, "M. H. Spielmann" (1195), a head of extreme solidity by M. Emile Wauters, and an excellent soldierly profile of "Major Charles Moore Watson" (1234), by Miss Kate Morgan, which is hung much too high. Mr. Leopold Rivers is successful with his "Cottage Garden" (1269). Among studies of flowers and fruit, great praise is due to Mr. Alfred Parsons for his exquisite portrait of "Wild Marjoram" (1268). Miss Helen Thornycroft's "Orchids" (1380), Miss Emily Stanton's "Mushrooms" (1270), and Miss Constance Stacpoole's "Chrysanthemums" (1387) are capital in their kind. M. Jules Lessore's "Rotherfield" in snow (1257) is clever and odd. We can but mention with commendation "Our Lady of Roses" (1226), by Mr. A. Macallan Swan; "Wordsworth's Leech-gatherer" (1232), by Mr. R. Fowler; and "Girl's Head" (1432), by Miss Kate Greenaway.

THE LICENSE OF NOVELISTS.

II.

SCOTT naturally suggests comparisons with Dumas. Both are the most fascinating of professors in the practice of the art of history made easy. In both is the same brilliant imagination, the same vivid power of recalling the past and presenting in rapid succession a series of the most striking and lifelike tableaux, with all the appropriate properties and costumes. Both had a rare facility of pen, and we fancy Dumas must sometimes have rivalled, if he did not surpass, that literary feat which threw off *Guy Rattray* in a short six weeks, by way of "refreshing the machine," when the machine had been grinding out the edition of *Swift*, with *The Lord of the Isles* thrown in as lubricating oil,

at the rate of a couple of cantos in a fortnight. Dumas was industrious, too, in the way of reading as well as writing. He must have run through many congenial books in his earlier years, and had accumulated a vast amount of miscellaneous and superficial information. In the preface to *Mes Bêtes* he explains how it was that he could drive two or three of his romances abreast with the rapidity and punctuality of as many well-horsed *malle-postes*. At that time, by the way, he must have been smarting from the charge of keeping a troop of literary "ghosts" in his service and driving a manufactory of fiction, with M. Maquet for superintendent of the works. He had never, he says, to stop to consult authorities, like duller men; in that invaluable memory of his was an inexhaustible encyclopedia which saved him the labour of rummaging in his bookshelves. And as ill luck would have it, he goes on to demonstrate his accuracy by making two or three of the oddest blunders in the next half-dozen pages. To do him justice, that was a specially unfortunate *contretemps*; and, if his French history is sometimes a romance, he seldom commits himself conspicuously. Sometimes, of course, he takes liberties with chronicles and biographies; but that is all fair and within the rules of the game. For instance, the delightful Chicot was never a Court buffoon, and we fancy he had never been attached to Henry III., to whom Dumas has made the cynic so touchingly devoted. Nor had he any need to seek his fortunes by wearing motley at the Court. In reality, he was an eccentric Gascon gentleman of good family and property and great gallantry who was high in favour with Henri Quatre. He came to an unhappy end in the King's Norman campaigns, being foully murdered by a noble prisoner of war who was infuriated on discovering he had given over his sword to a combatant believed to be a crack-brained lunatic. We repeat that it is all fair enough, however, for the novelist to put his own colouring on the sensational stories and careers of Chicot, Bussy, and D'Artagnan. But Dumas takes such liberties with his characters as Scott never did; for the sake of the effects in which he assuredly succeeds, he dashes them in with the grotesque breadth of a scene-painter, or he exaggerates the grandiose conceptions of a Michael Angelo. When they are meant to be heroic he attributes to them superhuman qualities of mind and body, with transcendental skill in the use of the weapons of a gentleman. When they are humorous, and irresistibly humorous they often are, they are depicted in the extravagances of the broadest caricature. Even in his comedy Scott kept close to nature. Bailie Nicol Jarvie might have found some sort of prototype in many a worthy member of the Glasgow Town Council, and Dominie Sampson was no unfaithful copy from the Dominie Tamson who was tutor at Abbotsford to Scott's boys. Turn to Chicot's boon companion, Gorenflot, by way of contrast. The brutishly sensual monk is a delightful creation; but, though he may well have existed in the flesh in that age of immorality and superstition, he could assuredly never have stumbled upstairs, even with Chicot's powerful patronage, into his rich preferments. Talking of Chicot and his marvellous dexterity in fence, we have often wondered what would have happened had Dumas's champions of the sword been pitted against each other. They all with constant practice, and the times gave them a sufficiency of sword-thrusts in all conscience, pretty nearly approached perfection. Henry III. himself—as we are told—was the first swordsman in his kingdom; "making arms" continually with Chicot, he had made Chicot as good as himself, as was proved in the deadly duel with Nicolas David, the fencing-master. As for Bussy d'Amboise, his sword-play was a miracle; he could keep six formidable *ferrailleurs* with their naked weapons at arm's length, in one of those innocent little games in which he delighted, and he says that when warm to the work the quicksilver in his veins welded the blade in his hand to the muscles of his arm. It is much the same with the heroes of the *Three Musketeers*, and had the famous fight which Athos averted come off, they must logically have exterminated each other like the Killikenny cats. We are only cavilling again, for we should never quarrel in earnest with Dumas's duelling predilections. They supply the most thrilling and blood-curdling scenes in his most dramatic books. What can be more enchantingly horrible than that ghastly chamber duel between Chicot and David? except indeed the other one, where the Chevalier d'Harmental, with his light blade, gets within the guard of Captain Roquefnette's formidable weapon.

We never heard that Dumas was much at home with horses; he uses and abuses them in a brutal and merciless fashion, to which Scott's kindly sympathies would never have consented. They were always being crevèd and ridden to death, and made to cover impossible distances at incredible pace by spurs that ploughed furrows in their heaving flanks. The only thing to be said in excuse is, that their riders, like D'Artagnan, were "men of bronze," who never had much consideration for themselves. Heavy weights like Porthos had to be mounted somehow, though the mounting must have been a serious tax on his pay as a gentleman private of musketeers. But the portly seigneur of Bracieux, when he had laid on flesh with good living, boasted of having turned the scale at 300 kilogrammes, and he was scarcely the man we should have been inclined to select for flying cavalry service or for riding post. Yet D'Artagnan, who was a dapper light dragoon, puts on the drag with the back-breaking Porthos as a companion, when the Duke of Beaufort has gone away from Vincennes with a start of some hours, when each minute is of the last importance, and each ounce of weight must tell. D'Artagnan might plead that the presence of a staunch com-

panion was worth a sacrifice of speed; but there is another and a stranger case. Except to heighten the sensations in the teeth of probabilities, why on earth should the astute Bishop of Vannes have pitched on Porthos to carry his despatches to Fouquet? A trusty groom, riding under ten stone, could have done the commission as well; for Porthos knew not what he was carrying, and no danger was to be apprehended on the road. But then, in that case, D'Artagnan could not have followed up his old friend by the dead and dying horses left along the highway; nor should we have had the delightful piece of extravagance where the wearied giant is lifted out of the saddle in profound slumber, and goes unwinking through the successive processes of being cut out of his riding-boots and bathed and bedded.

Dumas plunges headforemost into some of his most stupendous works in a slapdash style which reminds us of Lever. His was quite the reverse of the methodical manner of his Socialist contemporary, Eugène Sue, who seems to have planned and thought out everything beforehand from the first chapter to the last in his interminable romances of *The Wandering Jew* and *The Mysteries of Paris*. In Dumas's magnificently brilliant *Monte Cristo* some of the original conceptions were colossal, nevertheless both in incidents and character they kept swiftly developing as he went ahead. His Abbé Faria is a modern Prometheus, confounding the fleeting years with eternity; defying fate and fortune in the consciousness of his godlike gifts. Nothing daunts that indomitable courage or baffles that inexhaustible resource; so that it is hard to understand how he should not have made his mark in the world, before being condemned to bite at files and lament wasted opportunities in the dark dungeons of the Château d'If. But, great as was the Abbé, his pupil was worthy of him, and the sudden transformation of the honest mate of the Pharaoh into the Machiavellian and exquisitely polished man of the world is absolutely miraculous. Then the figures of the treasure trove are staggering, and all attempts at harmonizing successive balance-sheets are vain indeed. The original estimate of value was some 800,000*l.* or 900,000*l.*, and it is stretching a point to put it as high as that. No cardinal of the sixteenth century could conceivably have left such a sum in jewels and gold, allowing for appreciation of values. Then Monte Cristo proceeds to do his best to make ducks and drakes of the magnificent windfall. It may seem unnatural that a man of so much *savoir vivre* should have striven to shut the doors of good society in his face by parading the vulgar ostentation of the *nouveau riche*. He scatters his money with both hands. He scoops out priceless emeralds for drug-boxes. Like some Sultan of the *Arabian Nights*, he pins valuable diamonds to the rosettes of the horses he gives away. Above all, he has the affairs of his household conducted on a system that must be pronounced impracticable. His steward, Bertuccio, who transacted business with a crime on his conscience and a rope round his neck, had an excellent place, with famous appointments, and any amount of what the Americans call "stealings." But he kept his place under the penalty of supplying his master on the shortest notice with anything to which the Count took a fancy, from the best windows for a street ceremony to a pair of matchless carriage-steppers. The steward had *carte blanche*, but the Count must be satisfied. Finally, though the Count played fast and loose with follies for many years, and became besides the munificent Providence of brigands and smugglers and respectable insolvents, when he talks of settling his affairs before being shot by Morcerf he can dispose of something like a couple of millions sterling. Dumas in that case was the victim, partly of the hot-rolls-for-breakfast system of the *feuilleton*, and partly of an impossible dilemma. On the one hand, he could not credibly have increased the value of the Cardinal's buried treasure to any material extent; on the other, if the Count had squandered as he did on the strength of the treasure he is said to have disinterred, he must have infallibly gone into liquidation like his unlucky patron M. Morel, and probably ended his days in the debtors' prison of Clichy.

CROP PROSPECTS AND THE PRICE OF WHEAT.

FOR many years the crops have not promised so well at this date as they do at present. There was a short spell of cold at the beginning of November, and another, equally short, at the beginning of March; but, with those exceptions, the autumn, winter, and spring have been exceedingly favourable. There has been less frost than usual, there has been exceptional sunshine, and a moderate fall of rain. If the weather is equally favourable during the next three months, our farmers will gather in larger crops than they have done since the agricultural depression began. It is true that the price of wheat is still very low, considerably lower than the average of the past seven years; yet there has been a decided recovery during the past five or six weeks, and, notwithstanding the reaction lately, the tendency is upwards. The recent dulness of the wheat market is due, firstly, to the very favourable reports concerning the growing crops from all parts of the Continent outside of Russia; secondly, to the large imports from abroad, and the considerable sales by our own farmers; and, thirdly, to the caution inspired by the long period of falling prices. But a further recovery in the market is reasonably probable, and there is much to warrant the belief that the

period of depression is rapidly drawing to an end. The hopes that were entertained a little while ago of large imports from Australia and the Argentine Republic do not seem to have been well founded; the Indian crop is smaller than last year, and the exports are much less at present than at the corresponding date twelve months ago; while the Russian crop, which five or six weeks ago was expected to be equal to the exceptionally large one of 1887, has suffered from drought; and, although abundant rains in the latter part of May have once more improved the prospect, there are again this week reports of further damage. The most that is now looked for is an average yield, while many predict that the production will be under average. According to the Report of the Washington Agricultural Department at the beginning of May, the winter wheat crop of the United States was then about 20 per cent. under average; and though the Report to be issued in a day or two may show an improvement during the past month, newspaper accounts do not encourage the hope that it will do so. It is too early yet to speak of the condition of the spring crop with any confidence; but some of the best private authorities in the United States report that it is nearly 10 per cent. under average. The present prospect, therefore, is that the three great exporting countries—the United States, Russia, and India—will have smaller surpluses to sell to the rest of the world than they had last year, and much smaller than they had in the two years immediately preceding. The best opinion is that the world's production in 1889 was somewhat under the world's requirements for the following twelve months; but that, especially in Russia, there was a large surplus from the two preceding years, and that this surplus prevented a rise in the price which otherwise must have taken place. If this opinion be correct, the surplus from old crops at the present time is smaller than it was twelve months ago; and, consequently, if there is not a great improvement during the next few months in America, Russia, and India, there will be a smaller supply for the coming agricultural year than there was when the harvests of 1889 were gathered in. If the European crops outside of Russia prove to be as good as they now promise to be, the European demand will of course be smaller than it has been this year, and that may to some extent, at all events, counterbalance the smaller supply in the great exporting countries. On the other hand, the rise in silver, if it is maintained, and still more if it is carried farther, will prevent the great exporting countries from selling as cheaply as they have done for some years past.

For example, when the rupee was worth only 1s. 4d. of our money an Indian merchant selling wheat in London at, let us say, 30s. a quarter, received for the quarter 22½ rupees. If the rupee goes to 1s. 6d., 30s. will be equal to no more than 20 rupees. A rise, therefore, in the rupee from 1s. 4d. to 1s. 6d. is equivalent to a fall in the price of wheat of 2½ rupees in the case just put. As the profit was not excessive when the rupee was worth only 1s. 4d., it is evident that, if India is to export as much wheat as she did, there must either be a fall in the price of wheat in India or a rise in Europe. As the Russian rouble has also risen, what is true of India is also true of Russia. And if the passage of the Silver Bill leads to an inflation of the American currency, as is generally expected, the same thing will be true also of the United States. Apart, however, from the annual fluctuations in the yield of the crops, and from the influence that may be exercised by the rise in silver upon the exporting capacity of the silver-using countries, it appears to be now established by experience that the great wheat-growing countries cannot permanently produce wheat at a profit at the prices that have ruled during recent years. In spite of the great depreciation in silver, which, as we have just seen, was practically equivalent to a considerable rise in the price of wheat, the Indian exports have not materially increased for several years past. Railway extension, the opening up of new districts, improvements in marine construction, the lowering of freights, and the reduction of the Suez Canal dues have prevented a serious falling off. But there has not been that growth in the exports which was very generally looked for some years ago. Two extraordinary harvests following one another in 1887 and 1888, the unprecedented fall in the value of the rouble, and Government measures for encouraging export enabled Russia for a while to sell to the rest of the world extraordinary quantities of wheat. But it seems clear that Russia in ordinary years produces at a loss. This seems to follow, firstly, from the fact that the Russian Government had to take artificial measures to promote exports; and, secondly, from the fact that the shipments of wheat from Russia at the present time are on a very large scale, although those shipments are preventing the rise in the price in Western Europe that would otherwise take place, and although last year's harvest was deficient, and the prospects of the growing crop are not nearly so good as they were six weeks ago. From all this it seems a fair inference that, in spite of the extraordinary yield of 1887 and 1888, the Russian wheat-growers are in such distress that they cannot afford to hold out for a better price. And it is notorious that the condition of the American farmers is no better. Farms everywhere are heavily mortgaged, foreclosure proceedings in many States are so numerous that the courts cannot get through them, and though railway rates are so low that many Companies have been brought to the verge of bankruptcy, the legislatures of the grain States are trying to force further reductions. It seems clear, therefore, that the competition of America, Russia, and India has been carried so far that they cannot continue it much longer on the same terms.

A writer in the *Forum Magazine* of last month goes farther and predicts that within ten years the United States will not merely cease to export wheat, but will have to import it. He shows that in the five years 1875-9 the acreage under wheat in the United States increased 44 per cent. In the five years 1880-4 the increase was only 3.9 per cent.; while in the five years that ended last December there was actually a falling off of 3.4 per cent. In many of the older States, land which formerly produced wheat has now been turned into meadows, while the new land brought under cultivation is being laid out under rye, oats, barley, potatoes, and tobacco. This process, he argues, will go on more rapidly as population increases, at home and abroad. Practically, America has a very great advantage over all the rest of the world in the growth of cotton, while, as has just been seen, she is not able to, or is only barely able to, hold her own against Russia and India, and the newer communities, in the production of wheat. Therefore the reasonable probability is that she will convert more and more land which now yields wheat to the production of cotton and other crops in which she has a superiority over her competitors. And he goes on to show that within ten years the growth of population will be such that there will not be new land enough to enable this to be done, and to grow at the same time a surplus of wheat for export. The argument seems sound enough on the assumption that the price of wheat remains as it is, and that better means of cultivation are not employed in the United States. With the low prices of the past five years it seems demonstrable that American farmers would do better to convert their lands rapidly from wheat-growing to raising cotton, tobacco, and animal products. But of course if this takes place on a large scale, there must be a considerable rise in the price of wheat in Europe. A rise in the price would check the tendency to conversion, and would give a stimulus to wheat cultivation in India, Russia, and the newer communities. A rise of price, also, would enable American farmers to introduce better methods of husbandry, and thus to raise from the present area under wheat or even from less a larger crop than is now gathered. The conclusion to be drawn from all the facts seems to be that competition in wheat-growing has been carried too far, that as a result the price of wheat in Western Europe is unduly low at present, and that before long there must therefore be a rise. The rise will come early, and will be excessive if there should be a comparative failure of the crops over very wide areas at the same time. It will be gradual and slow if the crops are fairly good. A comparative failure by raising excessively the price would stimulate production, would therefore, after a while, cause another fall with its attendant discouragement, and put off the permanent revival of agriculture. Fairly good crops, leading only slowly to recovery, would make the rise in the first place so gradual that it would not seriously affect consumers, and would not check the tendency in America to divert lands from the production of wheat to the raising of other crops. In any case, if this view is correct, it seems to follow that the long depreciation in agriculture is drawing to an end, and that before many years are over there will be a marked enhancement of the value of arable land throughout Western Europe. There has begun now in the United States what has been going on with ourselves for over a generation. If the conversion of wheat land into cotton and tobacco land, into meadows and permanent pastures, continues, we may expect to see a reversal of the process at home, and a gradual increase in the cultivation of grain at all events in England.

HISTRIONIC ANACHRONISMS.

IT appears strange that in these days when, as we are told, the drama flourishes with us as it has never flourished before, any controversy should arise as to the proper spirit in which to attack a play some hundred years old—a play, moreover, which is no antiquated specimen of the dramatic fossil, interesting only because it is so utterly unknown to us, but, on the contrary, a play which since its first production has held the boards uninterruptedly and successfully, which has been a favourite with audiences and with actors alike, and which it requires no prophet to foretell will so continue long after the present discussion and those who have provoked it are numbered with the things that were.

Into that discussion, so far as it refers specially to the performance of *She Stoops to Conquer* at the Criterion Theatre, we have no desire at the present time to enter fully; but the fact that such a discussion is possible suggests certain general reflections as to the present state of our drama which it may not be out of place to consider.

The present condition of our stage, as exemplified in our leading theatres, is certainly not a slipshod one; the work is earnest, though it may at times be misdirected; our managers take full advantage of the ample time for preparation which long runs afford, and are prodigal of care and of capital to secure accuracy of detail; but of what value is that accuracy if it be confined to the scenic and decorative accessories? Archaeology has done much for the stage during the time covered by the memories of still living playgoers. Macbeth no longer looks as if he had stepped from the door of a tobaccoist, nor does Othello wear the burnt-cork complexion of a Christy Minstrel; but of archaeology, as of other good things, it is possible—on the stage at any rate—to have too much. A theatre is, after all, though the fact is sometimes lost

sight of a place for the exhibition of a play and players; and archaeology, if it has any concern there, and we firmly believe it has, should not take heed of the mint and anise and cummin of the drama, to the neglect of its weightier matters, but should be at least as apparent in the words and actions of the performers as in the building of a scene or the fashion of the tables and chairs. We may laugh at the antiquarian fads of Mr. Charles Kean, who reproved one of his actors for not impressing on his audience that a large key which he had to use in one of the Shakspearian revivals at the Princess's was "a key of the period," and who sent his scene-painter to Athens that he might reproduce in his revival of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* the architectural glories of that city in the age of Pericles; but do we show ourselves much wiser to-day? It had been better, no doubt, had the spirit of the age been shown more in the actor who handled the key than in the key itself; and we are free to wonder by what intellectual process Mr. Kean arrived at the conclusion that it was in the age of Pericles that sweet Bully Bottom and his mates were citizens of Athens, and that Robin Goodfellow and his fellow-sprites haunted the neighbouring woods. Such a method is a putting of the cart before the horse—the abuse, not the use, of archaeology; and we may fairly wonder to find it obtain on the English stage of to-day, with its high assumption of artistic aims. Of what value is the most perfect illusion that scene-painter and upholsterer can produce if it fail to survive the first word and gesture of the actor? which are sure to remind us (no matter what the period of the play) that on both sides of the footlights we are but of the nineteenth century after all.

The present state of things is the more serious in that, so far from the rising generation of actors being likely to increase their power of reproducing at will the manners of the past, such little knowledge on that point as our stage possesses seems to be passing away. The conflict between the old and the new styles of acting, in which the plays of Robertson and the management of the Bancrofts were so mighty a power on the latter side, is over, and the new style is victorious all along the line. Originally founded as a protest against the ultra-staginess of the past, and for the delineation of contemporary manners, the modern school of acting betrays its weakness now that it is called upon to exercise more universal functions, and to embrace within its scope the whole range of the drama. The manners which sit with ease and propriety on the personages of modern comedy appear absurdly out of place when arbitrarily assigned to the characters of older and nobler dramatists.

It is idle to assert, as some do not scruple to do, that the actor has but to be natural; the question still remains to be answered, What (under the varying circumstances of the part and of the play) is nature? Is human nature ever the same, cast in one universal mould for all times and all races, for all sorts and conditions of men? And, if not, should not the actor, if he be worthy of the name, be able to mark in his performance the different manner in which the same events will affect this or that man, according to the varying circumstances and conditions of their existence?

It is undoubtedly true that the great passions by which human hearts are swayed and human actions are controlled have ever remained, and ever will remain, the same; but such passions form the subject-matter of Tragedy; while Comedy, concerning itself more with the externals of life—"the peculiarities of men and manners," as Hazlitt words it—is constantly changing both its form and its spirit. However much human nature there be in tragedy, it is not and never was the human nature one meets in the streets; the very form of tragedy forbids it. No Athenian, however deeply moved, would have dreamed of pouring forth his sorrows or joys in the iambs of Ajax or *Œdipus* any more than an Englishman of Shakspeare's or any other time would take refuge under similar provocation in hendecasyllabic blank verse, or a Frenchman in rhymed Alexandrines. Such metres, however, being the conventionally accepted vehicles for tragedy in their respective literatures, the humanity of tragedy is none the less true because it is sublimated and idealized by its artificial form. We believe in the heroes of tragedy, though we know that never since the world began did people converse habitually in extemporaneous poetry; just as we believe in the statues and pictures of Michelangelo, though we know that no race of men ever had the muscles and limbs which he portrays. In real life we never saw such men or heard such talk; but, as Turner reminded the critic who carped at the idealized atmosphere of his pictures, we may justly wish we could.

Similarly, though in a somewhat less degree, convention reigns in poetical comedy. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and in *As You Like It*, for instance, we are in a world of fancy, whose charm is cruelly impaired, if not absolutely destroyed, by antiquarian pedants, who persist in assigning to these purely imaginative works a precise chronological date. Who wants to think of Pericles in connexion with the one or of Louis XI. and Charles the Bold in connexion with the other of these delightful poems? They are the most beautiful of fairy-tales, and we should be satisfied to date them as we do fairy-tales—"once upon a time."

It is, however, far otherwise with the comedy of men and manners, which is of its very essence an imitation, under certain conventions it is true, but still an absolute and direct imitation, of real life. The characters of the comic dramatist should, to carry conviction, breathe the very spirit of the age in which he

places them, and to portray them the actor should be able to throw himself, body as well as mind, into the period of the play, to regulate his carriage, to modulate his diction according to the fashion of the time, to be, in fact, in some measure his own archaeologist, and to endeavour that his speech and gestures shall be no less reminiscent of the past than his clothes and his wig. These latter "properties" will doubtless have been designed for him by some expert. Why should we have no expert for the author's words and for the "business" of the scene? or, rather, why should our theatres require an expert for such purposes? If we may believe only half of what we hear, our playgoers of to-day remunerate both managers and actors as they were never remunerated before, and may reasonably expect in return some technical knowledge of what should be a very elementary branch of histrionic learning. The argument that the modes of the present day sit easily and naturally on the characters of the last century cannot be seriously advanced by even the most ill-read student of our social history. It needs but the slightest acquaintance with the literature of the past, and especially with the biographies, memoirs, letters, and the like, wherein the details of everyday life are most readily to be learned to recognize the fact that we differ from our grandfathers and great-grandfathers no less widely in the way we talk than in the way we dress. In the minutiae which go to make up the accuracy of the comedy of manners the changes of fashion are rapid and unceasing. A generation has not yet passed away since Dickens, Thackeray, and Leech were among us, recording with pen and pencil, in a style equally brilliant and accurate, the life and character of their age; but how much of their subject-matter has now passed into ancient history, how old-fashioned appears much of the slang of the writers, how archaic the costumes of the artist! To those of us to whom the language of Mr. Foker and of Dick Swiveller and the appearance of Mr. Briggs have been from early youth familiar as household words, it may appear strange that a generation should be rising up to whom these creations appear in any way out of date. Let us be thankful, at any rate, that they and their like are spared the degradation which may befall the art-work of the dramatist, the degradation of unsympathetic rehabilitation at the hands of players ignorant or indifferent as to the intentions of the author and the conditions under which he conceived his characters. To lay violent hands on the creations of the old dramatists and to vulgarize them in accordance with the spirit of an age with which they have little in common is, unfortunately, no new thing in the history of our stage. The crime of presumptuous meddling with the masterpieces of their betters has been committed by men as great as Dryden, as clever as Davenant and Cibber, as well as by men as little great or clever as Ravenscroft and Tate. We had hoped that such interference was a thing of the past, that we had in the theatre of to-day changed all that, and changed it for the better, but it appears we were mistaken.

That such treatment is possible must come rather as a shock to those who believed all the brave words that have been and still are so bravely preached on the text of that Dramatic Renaissance in which we are supposed to be the happy participants; but that shock, so far as we ourselves are concerned, is due mainly to the apathetic attitude of the general body of playgoers. That the spirit, may the very text, of our most honoured writers should be tampered with to air the vanity or conceal the shortcomings of an actor is alas! no new thing; but that London should supply audiences to applaud the "improvements," and to bear with equanimity the insinuation that the play has been so altered that they may the better appreciate it, is a discovery which must be to the optimists of our stage as startling as it is discouraging.

THE DERBY.

THE history of the race for the Derby is the history of events that have occupied less than three minutes; yet the Derby means months and even years of labour, care, and anxiety to trainers and owners, as well as a long period of calculation, watchfulness, and worry to a large number of backers and bookmakers. Indeed, the history of the betting is almost more interesting to most people concerned in the Derby than that of the race itself. With the betting, therefore, a writer must deal if he is to notice the Derby in its practical bearings.

The late Derby brought about a revival of an institution which was supposed to have become obsolete—namely, the yearling-book. In 1888 a ten-thousand pound book was opened, the maker of it offering to lay that amount to a hundred pounds against any colt or filly entered in the Derby of 1890. Something like seventy horses are reported to have been laid against in this book at 100 to 1, including Surefoot, Heaume, Alloway, and Riviera. There was very little betting on the late Derby in 1889 until the autumn. During the first few days of November Surefoot was first favourite at 4 to 1 and Le Nord second favourite at 5 to 1, and in the middle of the month the two Australian colts, Kirkham and Narellan, were backed at 20 to 1. On the 3rd of March Surefoot stood at the same odds, while Le Nord was at 6 to 1; Le Nord's stable companion Heaume was backed at 8 to 1; the famous filly Riviera was fourth favourite at 9 to 1, and Garter and St. Serf were at 16 to 1. At about the same date, or soon afterwards, a few outsiders were backed at odds varying from 25 to 50 to 1, including Martagon,

Alloway, Sainfoin, Rathbeal, Golden Gate, Dulwich, the two Australians, and Master Astley. It promised, therefore, to be an unusually interesting Derby to backers and bookmakers, with every probability of a large field. About the middle of April Le Nord became first favourite at 7 to 2, while 4 to 1 was laid against Surefoot, and towards the end of the month both colts became equal favourites. At the end of the first week in April two outsiders became suddenly fifth and sixth favourites, St. Serf at 12 to 1 and Right Away at 16 to 1. In a week St. Serf was reported to have been beaten in a trial, and in a fortnight Right Away fell lame.

We have so often noticed the two-year-old form of the principal competitors in the late Derby that it would be a wearisome repetition to review it again, so we will proceed at once to their three-year-old form. The first race to affect the prospects of the Derby to any material extent was the Esher Stakes at Sandown on the 21st of April, when Sainfoin started first favourite, came to the front below the distance, slackened his pace into a hand-canter opposite the stand, and won by four lengths, apparently giving a beating to Amphion more than equal to the 15 lbs. beyond weight for age which he was receiving, and giving at least as hollow a beating to a fair second-rate horse like Freemason, from whom he was receiving something less than weight for age. Some six weeks earlier 50 to 1 had been laid against him for the Derby; he was now backed at 6 to 1, and about a week afterwards he was sold to Sir James Miller, the price being stated in the papers to be 7,500*l.* and half the stakes of the Derby if he should win it—a liberal increase on the 550 guineas that he cost as a yearling when sold at the Royal Paddocks. The chief objection raised against his chance was that the stock of Springfield are rarely, if ever, stayers, and it was understood that he had never been tried beyond a mile. As a two-year-old he was reported to be a sufferer from chronic rheumatism, but he had apparently shaken off that complaint.

We now come to that great public trial for the Derby, the Two Thousand. On the Monday of the Newmarket First Spring Meeting, Surefoot had become a strong Derby favourite at 3 to 1, and 4½ to 1 was laid against Le Nord. When Surefoot had beaten Le Nord by a length and a half for the Two Thousand, 5 to 4 was laid on him for the Derby and 10 to 1 was laid against Le Nord. St. Serf only ran fourth, and his owner, the Duke of Portland, not long afterwards wrote to the principal sporting newspapers to say that, instead of starting for the Derby, he would probably be reserved for the Epsom Grand Prize. In the meantime, Heaume, who had been backed for the Derby at 8 to 1 early in March, was sent to France, where he won the French Two Thousand, in which he was slightly hurt through getting pressed against the rails at a turn. On his recovery he became first favourite for the French Derby, and it was said that he would not start for the English Derby. About the middle of May, 7 to 4 was laid on Surefoot and 8 to 1 against Le Nord. Then came the Newmarket Stakes, for which Le Nord ran such a bad third to Memoir and Blue Green, over a course nearly a quarter of a mile longer than that of the Two Thousand, that he went down to 20 to 1 for the Derby. Surefoot, on the contrary, rose in the betting until 2 to 1 was laid on him. Indeed, so far as the betting was concerned, it was an exact repetition of that about Ormonde and The Bard in their own year; as 2 to 1 was laid on both Ormonde and Surefoot, while 11 to 2 was laid against both The Bard and Sainfoin at just the same period before their respective Derbies. Riviera, who had been several times stopped in her work by a thoroughpin, to the surprise of most people ran for the Newmarket Stakes, but only eighth, and she blew very hard after the race. Nevertheless, she was at work again the next day, and it was hoped that she might be made considerably fitter, if not quite so forward in condition as her friends could wish, by the Derby day. All such hopes, however, were shattered on the following Saturday (May 24th), when this beautiful filly, for whom 20,000*l.* was said to have been refused last summer, staggered and fell in the course of an exercise gallop. A day or two afterwards she was shot. On the very same morning that Riviera met with her accident, Heaume, who had just been reintroduced into the Derby betting at 20 to 1, hit his leg at exercise, and fell temporarily lame. Le Nord was then packed off to France to take his place, if necessary, in the French Derby, for which he was actually backed at 7 to 1.

We must now notice briefly the French Derby, at least so far as it affected the English Derby, which it preceded by four days. After all, it was not found necessary to start Le Nord for it, as Heaume was sound on the morning of the race, so Le Nord was scratched within a few hours of the start. There was a field of ten; Heaume started first favourite, came at the distance, and won rather easily at last, after a very pretty race, by a length and a half from Mirabeau, the second favourite, who finished only three-quarters of a length in front of Fitz-Roz, the third favourite. Heaume has now won the French Two Thousand, the French Derby, and more than 10,000*l.* in stakes; therefore his owner has no great cause to be dissatisfied, although many people in this country—especially those who had backed him at 8 to 1 three months ago—expressed regret at his being scratched for the English Derby. He had scarcely won the French Derby before his stable companion, Le Nord, had started on his return journey to England, in order to take part in the Epsom Derby. Certainly a double journey of such a length, including two sea voyages, within a week of the great event, was anything rather than the finishing touch which most trainers would recommend

for a Derby preparation, more especially for a colt which, instead of having a few pounds in hand, was considered by the official handicapper to be 6 lbs. inferior to one of his opponents. Yet, curiously enough, on his arrival at Epsom he was backed for a short time at 6 to 1, the shortest odds taken about him since his defeat for the Two Thousand. He eventually started at 14 to 1.

The Derby had become reduced within exceedingly narrow limits. Garter, Martagon, Kirkham, and Loup had shown by their running for the Newmarket Stakes that they had no claims to be backed for the Derby. Considerable interest would have been given to the race if either Memoir, the winner of the Newmarket Stakes, Blue Green, who ran her to a head for that race, or Morion, who beat Blue Green the next day for the Payne Stakes, had been entered for it. It seemed as if all things conspired together to make the Derby of 1890 a dull affair. Rathbeal, a remarkably well-shaped, if not very large, bay colt, the first-born son of Boulevard, after running a good second to Hidden Treasure and Lozenge at Ascot and Newmarket last summer, had won the Breeders' Produce Stakes at Sandown by a head, when receiving an amount of weight from Loup which ought to have enabled him to win it by a much wider margin. Then he won the Halmaker Stakes at Goodwood, giving 7 lbs. and a beating by two lengths to Far Niente. His next performance was to run third to Signorina and Memoir at Derby, and his last was to win an unimportant race at the Curragh. It was stated in the spring that Captain Macell had refused 7,000*l.* for him, and he had laid on a good deal of muscle. Within a fortnight of the race The Beggar's name was heard by most people for the first time, when he was backed to win about 4,000*l.* at 100 to 1; for a few days he was talked about as "the coming outsider," but shortly afterwards his name disappeared from the betting-lists, and he was forgotten. Then there was the Duke of Westminster's Orwell, the winner of the Union Jack Stakes at Liverpool. At Newmarket he had given Hackler 8 lbs. and run him to three-quarters of a length. The official handicapper had put him down as within 6 lbs. of Sainfoin; but, while 6 to 1 was taken about the latter, 100 to 1 was required against Orwell.

It was discouraging to the Epsom authorities that on the very first occasion on which an attempt had been made to insure a large entry and a large field by guaranteeing that the stakes should be worth at least 5,000*l.* to the winner (they were only worth 4,050*l.* last year), as well as by allowing a 10*l.* forfeit to be paid, only eight horses should go to the post. Indeed, it was the smallest field that had run for a Derby for eighty-six years. Mr. Coventry got the little party off without a single false start. The first favourite, upon whom 95 to 40 was laid, instead of fixing his attention upon winning the race, amused himself by trying to bite his opponents, especially Rathbeal. The pace was slow during the first part of the race, and this was probably much in favour of Sainfoin. On the top of the hill the horses began to quicken speed, and Orwell led the way down the descent, with Sainfoin in close attendance, whilst Le Nord brought up the rear. Before reaching Tattenham Corner Sainfoin took a slight lead, and he came round the turn followed by Orwell and Rathbeal. As they crossed the road he was only a neck in front of Orwell, and a quarter of a mile from the winning-post Orwell again got in front, and led to the distance. There Sainfoin re-passed him, and at the same moment Le Nord made a tremendous rush from the background. Surefoot, who ran far from generously, was also working his way to the front, accompanied by Martagon. It was a very pretty race between the first five. Sir James Miller's Sainfoin won by three-quarters of a length from Le Nord, who was a neck in front of Orwell, only a head behind whom came Surefoot, with Martagon only a head, ahead, behind him. J. Watts rode Sainfoin, and he has this season ridden the winners of the Derby, One Thousand, Newmarket Stakes, Craven Stakes, and Payne Stakes, as well as other races. Some critics think that F. Barrett was a little late in making his rush with Le Nord; but it must not be forgotten that he had to make up a great deal of ground.

So far as public form is concerned, we cannot test the running in the Derby better than by comparing it with the handicap published by Major Egerton the week before the race. Surefoot ran about a stone below the estimate there given of him. As he failed, it was quite in accordance with previous form that Sainfoin and Le Nord should run first and second. The official handicapper had placed them on an equality because there was no evidence, either direct or indirect, to show which was the best of the pair, and even now it may be a question whether Le Nord might not have been on a par with Sainfoin if he had not made his hurried journey to Chantilly and back within the week. Major Egerton's calculation of the margin between Sainfoin and Orwell was almost exactly borne out by their running in the Derby. Backers, on the other hand, as we have already hinted, were exceedingly wide of the mark on this point. Martagon ran a trifle better than might have been anticipated from the weight apportioned to him in the Free Handicap, and if Rathbeal was only a moderate sixth, some allowance ought, perhaps, to be made for the ill-treatment which he is reported to have suffered from Surefoot in the earlier part of the race. According to the Free Handicap, if either Morion, Memoir, Semolina, Blue Green, or Heaume had run in the Derby, it would not have been won by Sainfoin. It only remains to be said that the weather was atrocious.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE concert given by the Magpie Minstrels last year called forth deserved praise both for the excellence of the programme and the manner in which it was carried out. After the lapse of a twelvemonth the Society has again emerged from the privacy it affects, and on the 21st ult. gave another Invitation Concert at Princes' Hall. On this occasion the selection of Madrigals included characteristic examples of the works of Byrd, Morley, Ward, Gibbons, Greaves, Marenzio, Waelrant, Orlando di Lasso, and Scandelli, while modern part-writing was represented by the beautiful set of Six Part-Songs for Mixed Voices (Op. 934) of Johannes Brahms. The singing of the choir was in all respects excellent, and reflected the greatest credit upon the conductor, Mr. Lionel Benson. The amount of hard work which the adequate performance of such a programme entails can only be known by those who have had experience of such music, and it must be regarded as a hopeful sign of the musical culture of London that a body of amateurs should exist willing to undergo the severe training requisite for properly performing so difficult a form of music as the Madrigal. The Magpies Choir has evidently improved in tone and finish since last year. The Brahms part-songs could hardly have been better sung, and almost the only fault to be found with the whole performance was an occasional want of precision in starting. An agreeable relief to the choral portions of the concert was afforded by the solos and duets sung by Countess Valda Gleichen, Mrs. Hutchinson, and Messrs. Lionel Benson and Plunket Greene.

Since Whitsuntide the chief attraction of the musical season, apart from the opera, has been the number of pianoforte recitals by artists of the first rank. Among these must be placed the most recent newcomer, M. Pierre René Hirsch, a pupil of M. Mathias at the Paris Conservatoire, who, without any preliminary puffing, won a distinct success at Princes' Hall on the 28th. His playing of Bach's Prelude and Fugue in F sharp minor showed that he is possessed of a thoroughly good method and a touch of much delicacy and refinement, while in pieces by Liszt he displayed great brilliancy and finish of execution. He was less satisfactory in Chopin's Berceuse, Funeral March, and Polonaise in A flat; in the March especially, either by a slip of memory or intentionally, he introduced some curious alterations in the text. It would be satisfactory to hear M. Hirsch on a better instrument than the strident and disagreeably-toned piano upon which he performed; his touch evidently lost much of its charm owing to the defects of the instrument.

On Thursday, the 29th ult., M. Paderewski gave his third recital, at St. James's Hall, when the audience was larger and more enthusiastic than on previous occasions. Every successive hearing of the Polish pianist confirms the impression that he is a great artist, more closely resembling Rubinstein in his playing than any of that master's many would-be imitators. This likeness is especially noticeable in the manner in which both pianists vary. Scarcely two numbers in M. Paderewski's last programme were played with equal merit. The selection from Schumann's "Carnival" was exaggerated, and, in places, almost coarse; while nothing could have been more beautiful than the rendering of the Chopin selections, or of Liszt's transcription of the Spinning Chorus from Wagner's *Fliegender Holländer*. The Beethoven Sonata (Op. 111), with which the concert opened, was played very unevenly, considerable liberties being taken both with the marks of expression and of time of the Fugue with which it concludes. In Haydn's Variations in F minor the exquisite delicacy of the pianist's scale-playing and shake were noticeable; while Scarlatti's Pastorale and Capriccio (the latter of which was encored) showed with what charm he can invest the works of the old harpsichord composer. In everything M. Paderewski plays, though opinions may differ as to the degrees of merit of his performances, there is a singularly fascinating individuality which lifts him above the common rank of pianists. The lack of this element was very noticeable in the playing of M. Sapellnikoff, the young Russian pianist, who gave a recital at St. James's Hall on the afternoon following that of M. Paderewski's concert. It is, perhaps, unfair to expect much individuality of interpretation from one so young, and the progress which the artist has made since he was heard here last year gives promise of great achievements in the future. At present he is most remarkable for his amazing command over the keyboard, a quality which he has evidently acquired from his teacher, Mme. Menter. His playing is wanting in charm, though it cannot be denied that it is in many respects of a very high degree of merit. The remarkable effects of *crescendo* which he produces are altogether exceptional; but his touch is at present inclined to be hard and unsympathetic. His best performances were those of Mendelssohn's "Variations Sérieuses," which he succeeded in investing with unusual interest, and of Chopin's Polonaise in A flat, the work in which he created so great a sensation at a recent Philharmonic concert.

The only orchestral concerts calling for notice during the past three weeks have been those given by the Philharmonic Society on the 22nd ult. and by Herr Richter last Monday. At the former, Mr. Cliffe's "orchestral picture," "Sunshine and Cloud," aroused considerable interest, curiosity being exercised as to whether the high promise of the composer's Symphony—produced last year at the Crystal Palace—would be fulfilled. It is gratifying to be able to record that the new work is altogether worthy of its predecessor, and achieved a marked success. In form it is

practically a Concert Overture of extended dimensions; and, though it hardly bears out the ideas suggested by the title, it is so well written and interesting that this is but a small defect. The remainder of the concert does not demand much comment. Mme. Menter gave a brilliant, but hard, performance of Weber's "Concertstück," and the orchestra played carefully Brahms's "Tragic" Overture and Beethoven's Second Symphony. The vocalist was Mme. Nordica, who on this occasion made her first appearance after her return from America, winning well-deserved applause by a fine performance of Beethoven's scena, "Ah Perfido." At the Richter concert the chief attraction was the performance of two selections from Wagner's *Ring der Nibelungen*, neither of which had previously been performed at these concerts. It is almost useless to protest against the unfairness of performing works in a concert-room which are so entirely unsuited to any other but stage-performance, as the scene between Erda and Wotan from *Siegfried*, or that of the arrival of Gunther and Brunnhilde from the *Götterdämmerung*. The management of Richter's concerts have learnt by experience that Wagner's music is sure to attract a full house, so from a commercial point of view they cannot be blamed for doing what is artistically indefensible. Even on the stage, Wotan is, by all except ultra-fanatics, acknowledged to be a tiresome figure, and perhaps there is no scene in the whole Trilogy where he is less dramatic than in that performed last Monday. Not even the fine singing of Herr Heinrich, who has rarely been heard to greater advantage, could redeem the music from the charge of dullness, and probably most of the audience would, if pressed, have confessed that they were heartily glad when the tiresome scene was done. Miss Lena Little did all she could with Erda's doleful utterances, and the superb orchestration, needless to say, was safe in the hands of Herr Richter's band. The scene from the *Götterdämmerung* proved more effective, for the march with which it concludes is more full of form than much of the music in the rest of the Trilogy. The use of a chorus of men's voices is also a pleasant relief, but to those who know the effect the scene creates on the stage the performance seemed but dull and uninspiring. Another work which was performed last Monday, and which had almost the merit of novelty, was Brahms's Rhapsodie for Contralto Solo, Male Chorus and Orchestra (Op. 33), the words of which are from Goethe's *Harreise im Winter*. It is a fine and dignified composition, and was admirably sung by Miss Little, though the sombreness of the music is hardly likely to make it ever popular with a mixed audience. The same concert began with Goldmark's Overture "Im Frühling," which was played at the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts last season. A second hearing does not reveal any new merits in the composition; in spite of its cleverness and brilliant orchestration, it is a somewhat commonplace and uninteresting piece of music. The second part of the programme was devoted entirely to Mozart's "Linz" Symphony.

The minor concerts of the past weeks have been so numerous that it is impossible to notice them in detail. On the 23rd Mlle. Jeanne Douste, M. Hollman, Miss Alice Gomez, and Messrs. Piercy, Foli, Grove, and King gave a miscellaneous concert at Kensington Town Hall, the chief attraction of which was the charming singing of the East Indian contralto, who was encored in both of her songs. On the 28th Messrs. Ludwig and Whitehouse gave the first of a series of Chamber Concerts at Princes' Hall, assisted by Miss Zimmermann, Fräulein Fillunger, and Messrs. Collins and Gibson, when Sgambati's Pianoforte Quintet in B flat (Op. 5) formed the most successful feature in the programme. On the afternoon of June 2 Mme. F. Campbell-Perugini and Miss Mary Hutton gave a Vocal Recital at Princes' Hall, when the programme included many interesting and little-known songs and duets by Delibes, Reber, Widor, Goring Thomas, Stanford, Lidgely, Meyer-Helmund, Dvořák, and Caracciolo. On Tuesday last that admirable violinist, Herr Willy Hess, gave a Morning Concert at Princes' Hall, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, when he played Rust's Sonata in D minor, Ernst's Concerto (Op. 23), Saint-Saëns's Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso (Op. 28), besides several smaller pieces; and on Wednesday Mme. Frickenhaus gave an interesting recital at the Steinway Hall.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE Directors of the Bank of England have apparently during the week been borrowing in the open market for the purpose of raising rates so as to protect their reserve. In consequence the supply has decreased 846,000*l.*, and the rate of discount has risen to 2½ per cent. Still, the exports of gold continue on an uncomfortably large scale.

The price of silver has recovered this week to 46½*d.* per ounce. The recovery began in New York, where the belief appears to be general that the Silver Bill will be passed through both Houses of Congress within the next two or three weeks. It is said that the President, anxious to prevent a split in the Republican party, and to avoid a disagreement between himself and any section of it, has brought his influence to bear upon the leaders, and induced them to agree to a compromise. There are some small points, it is reported, still unsettled, but the main principles are agreed upon. Therefore, it is considered certain that within a very few weeks the Bill will pass, and will receive the

President's assent, and the Caucus meeting on Thursday seems to confirm the report. Under the influence of this belief American operators bought here in London on Wednesday large amounts of Indian rupee paper—that is, obligations of the Indian Government payable, principal and interest, in silver. While silver was falling European investors were unwilling to buy rupee paper, as they could not foresee what the interest payable in silver would be worth in English money. At one time last year, therefore, the price of the Four and a Half per Cents was under 70, and that of the Four per Cents about 64. Since then the Four and a Half per Cents have risen to over 80, and the Four per Cents to about 77. The fall last year was due to panic. If at 3 per cent. sterling stock is worth par, then a 4½ per cent. payable, principal and interest, in silver ought also to be worth par when the depreciation of silver does not exceed 33 per cent. But, as a matter of fact, last year the 4½ per cent. rupee paper was at a discount of over 30 per cent.; for people argued that, if silver had already depreciated over 30 per cent., it might depreciate very much more. Even now, after a rise of ten or twelve points, rupee paper would be unduly low if we could believe that the increased purchases of the American Government would prevent silver from again falling. It is, however, very difficult to form an opinion on that point; for it is to be borne in mind that during the past twelve years the American Government has been buying two millions dollar worth of silver every month, and yet silver has steadily fallen. It is possible therefore that, even if American purchases are doubled, or more than doubled, the production may so increase that after a while there will be a fresh depreciation. It seems certain, however, that immediately an increase of the American purchases will cause a considerable advance in the price of silver; and for a while, therefore, at all events interest payable in silver will be worth more in English money than it has been for several years past. That is enough for the speculator, who looks only to the probabilities of the next few weeks, or at the outside of the next few months; but the investor has to look forward to the average results of a series of years, and in the case before us those results, as already stated, depend upon political considerations which it would be out of place here to discuss.

All other silver securities are likewise rising; those of the Mexican Central Railway being just now particularly in favour. The income bonds and the shares ought to be left to speculators, but investors who are willing to run a certain amount of risk are buying the 4 per cent. bonds, which at the present price yield about 5 per cent. on the money invested. The subsidy due from the Mexican Government to the Company is payable in silver, and so of course are the fares and rates charged, and the higher silver rises, the more valuable will be both the subsidy and the fares and rates. Besides, the Mexican Government has under consideration a plan for redeeming the subsidy by the payment of a lump sum; and further, the traffic of the Company is expected to be materially increased by the completion of the Tampico branch. Last year, after defraying the working expenses and the interest on the Priority bonds and the 4 per cent. bonds, the Company earned enough to pay the full 3 per cent. on the First Income bonds. In the current year it ought to do still better.

All the Powers having assented to the conversion of the Egyptian Debt, the representatives of the Egyptian Government and Messrs. Rothschild & Bleichroder signed the contract in London on Monday for the issue of the New Preference Loan. The old Preference Debt and the Four and a Half per Cent. Debt are to be converted, and an additional sum of 1,300,000*l.* in the new stock is to be raised. The issue price is to be about 91—that is to say, holders of old Preference bonds are to be given for every 100*l.* nominal a new bond bearing interest at 3½ per cent. of the nominal value of 100*l.*, and they are to get besides a bonus of 9*l.* The conversion of the Domain and the Daira loans is postponed until the Preference operation is completed. Although the prospectus of the new loan is not yet out, the bonds have been dealt in upon the Stock Exchange this week at 97—that is, a premium of 6*l.* over the issue price. This ensures the success of the conversion. The old Preference bonds were quoted a little higher than 105. A holder getting 9*l.* bonus and a bond worth in the market 96*l.* or 97*l.* can, therefore, do better by converting than by selling his bonds; and, of course, he can do very much better than by asking to be repaid at par. In his last Report on Egyptian finance Sir E. Baring says truly that the soundness of that finance depends upon the continuance of the British occupation. If, then, that occupation is to be continued indefinitely, the new Preference bonds cannot be considered dear at 97, and the market argues that the way in which the conversion has been arranged insures the continuance of the occupation for at least fifteen years. Twelve months ago the French Government refused to assent to conversion because the English Government would not fix a time for evacuation. Now the French Government has given up that point, and has assented to conversion, only stipulating that there shall be no fresh conversion for fifteen years. Therefore, the Stock Exchange contends that practically France has given its adhesion to the British occupation for fifteen years. Further, it is understood that the new Preference stock is to be inscribed in the books of the Bank of England. The Bank of England has never yet inscribed a foreign stock, and the City argues that it would not do so now without the approval of the British Government. But the British Government, it goes on to

reason, would not approve if it did not intend to continue the occupation, and thereby safeguard Egyptian finance.

The statistics published this week show that the consumption of copper is on an unprecedented scale. There is an extraordinary demand for cartridges for the new smokeless powder, electric lighting, telegraphic, telephone, and other industrial Companies, and for agriculture, especially to prevent phylloxera and smut in wheat. The price is over 55*l.* a ton, and in the trade the expectation is general that there will be a further rise. Consequently there has been very large buying of copper mining shares, especially the shares of the Rio Tinto Company, which have risen over 21, the anticipation being that the Company this year will be able to pay a dividend of 15 per cent. But the careful investor will do well to bear in mind that what he has to calculate is not the probable yield of a single year, but the average of a series of years.

EXHIBITIONS.

AT the Goupil Gallery, in New Bond Street, may now be seen the whole process by which the Parisian publishers of *éditions de luxe* produce their masterpieces. M. Paul Hervieu has just finished, it seems, a novel entitled *Flirt*, and he is such a lucky man as to have persuaded Mme. Madeleine Lemaire, who is the very muse of water-colour, to illustrate it for him. At the Goupil Gallery a room is now set forth with the thirty-six original drawings of this gifted lady, the reductions of her work, the first proofs of the engravings on Whatman paper and Japanese, in colours and in black ink, and finally a copy of the finished book itself. Mme. Lemaire is the daughter of Pater and the niece of Lancret—by spiritual kinship, of course. No one has preserved or reproduced better than she the artificial graces, the porcelain fragility, of the art of the eighteenth century. She is, however, far too accomplished an artist to allow this tendency to interfere with the realistic character of her studies of modern society life, and it is, therefore, amusing as well as instructive to compare the eighteen full-page drawings, in which she has been obliged to keep close to M. Hervieu's Paris, with the eighteen head- and tail-pieces in which she has let her fancy revel in an elegant fairy-land of Dresden china inspiration.

There is, naturally, but limited scope for invention in the illustration of a single novel. Mme. Lemaire has two female types. The one is Clotilde, a brunette, with black hair, flashing eyes, and a proud carriage of her very handsome figure. Agnes, on the other hand, is a blonde, of a more nervous and sanguine type. The painter gives us their portraits side by side in one of her tailpieces (5). We may, moreover, study Clotilde writing (15), drawing (16), reading (21), in a vast mantle of red velvet anxiously demanding a letter at the Poste Restante (11); while Agnes, usually in a very pale pink dress, holds a bouquet of roses which suit her complexion (30), or lounges on the grey sands, with a man in a white jacket and a brown greyhound, by the sea (17). The personages in Mme. Lemaire's groups possess an air of distinction which we hope they maintain in M. Hervieu's novel. The lady in the lilac dress in "Au Buffet" (1) is talking to a group of male persons who positively appear to be gentlemen.

Technically, these drawings of Mme. Lemaire's, of a class practically unattempted in England, will give pleasure to artists and to the public alike. They are drawn with great purity of line, and in clear, liquid colours, evidently with considerable rapidity, yet with no lack of care. They show a knowledge of the effect to be produced by water-colours which is probably shared, at this moment, by no other woman in Europe. The monotony of the subject is not the artist's fault; but it limits the range of the effect of the present exhibition, so that the eye is glad to turn to one drawing, at least, which has nothing to do with *Flirt*—namely, the powerful and large study, called "Mélancolie" (39), of a red-haired woman, in a crimson velvet dress, neglecting a large open book, which rests on the arm of her chair.

At Mr. W. J. Stacey's Gallery is now on view a collection of pictures in water-colour by Mr. Nelson Dawson. These drawings lack strength, and, what is perhaps more important, show the existence of no very individual impression made by nature on the eye of the artist. Mr. Dawson paints the sea, sometimes emulating the tossing blue ocean where Mr. Henry Moore is monarch, sometimes competing with Mr. Brett, or Mr. Wyllie, or the Newlyn School, upon the shore. His ambitious azure seas are not happy; but he is more successful when he attempts a very simple combination of broad sand and open water, and he is happiest of all when he paints shores from an altitude. In this class his "Fish Sale at Flamborough" (77) and "Looking over Polperro from the Hills" (42) deserve great commendation. A very good drawing is "A Wintry Sea" (23), a uniformly greyish-white picture of tossing yeasty waves, and strong white reflection on wet sands, with a group of fluttering gulls between. "The Sands of Wareham River" (12), too, and "Evening—Appledore River" (61) are very good in this delicate and unambitious kind.

At the Royal Arcade Gallery, in Old Broad Street, there is a collection of pictures in oil and pastel, containing no specimens of any great moment; an "Interior of a Flemish Farm" (8), by Mme. Octavia Campotosto, and a fine scene on a pier, in nasty weather, with a steamer and a large ship in the offing, by

Mr. Frank Brangwyn, called "When minutes are as hours" (32), seem to be the best examples.

Mr. George Hitchcock's name has been introduced to the British public this year by the deserved success of his large picture, "The Tulip Field," in the Royal Academy. At Mr. Dunthorne's gallery in Vigo Street is now on view a collection of "Atmospheric Notes in Pastel" by Mr. Hitchcock, who is, we believe, an American artist, trained in Paris. He has hitherto chiefly worked in Holland, where he has found the mathematical gardens and misty moonlight villages that he loves to paint. His talent is unquestionable. Such drawings as "Buds and Blossoms" (13), and the "Penitent" (30), a veiled head seen in profile against a gilded pediment of figures in low relief, could only be produced by an artist of individual talent. The most important pastel at Mr. Dunthorne's is perhaps "Early Spring Crocus Beds" (34), which looks like an alternative suggestion for the subject of Mr. Hitchcock's Academy picture. It is very odd and pretty, with its rectangular beds of white and lilac and golden-yellow; but we agree with what we suppose to have been the artist's decision in favour of the tulips.

MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH.

THOUGH Mr. George Grossmith cannot be said to have left the loathed stage in the spirit of Jonson's familiar Ode—for it is hard to regard so clever an actor as a voluntary and determined exile from the theatre—his first appearance at St. James's Hall as a public entertainer proved conclusively that another sort of stage provides a wider scope for his versatile talents than the Savoy operas afforded. A strong family likeness was common to Mr. Grossmith's operatic parts. The song and the dance in the one were closely akin to the songs and dances of the rest. On Saturday Mr. Grossmith himself suggested the one longing lingering look behind that transported the audience for a moment to the scenes of past triumphs. Seated at the piano, he sampled his "patter" songs, from the *Sorcerer* even to the *Yeomen of the Guard*, in a rapid succession of snatches, as if he were endeavouring to recapture for the eager listeners something of his ancient rapture. Perhaps, with some present, the episode was suggestive of the pathos of the caged bird. To us it sounded as the note of deliverance rather, and an appropriate prelude to the admirable parodies, the delightful musical illustrations, the lively and facile mimicry, and all the rich and varied diversions that followed. The musical sketch "Society up to Date" comprises the pleasantest satire of the typical drawing-room ballad, and the "melancholy waltz" of the day, with affecting reminiscences of the more festive dances of the past. No one who has heard Mr. Grossmith at the piano needs but the most cursory reminder of his resources to realize the whimsical effect of his pianoforte accompaniments. His fashionable love song, "Thou of my thou," with its profuse and idiotic refrain, is exceedingly comic. Vastly amusing, also, is the sketch "The Dances Long Ago," the humour of which culminates in the illustration of the gradual and deadly exhaustion that overtakes the bold amateur who plays "Sir Roger" for nearly an hour at a stretch. This is only comparable to the effect produced by a musician who sings some familiar air resolutely and invariably out of tune, or who plays the "Harmonious Blacksmith," omitting all the sharps. The imitations of "Our Amateurs"—the comic man, the war song of the weak-voiced baritone, and the tenor distressed by the babble of his audience—are all excellent, and among the parodies of professionals, that of Mr. Arthur Roberts in the capital song "Truth, or something near it," is irresistibly funny. Voice, style, facial expression, all are perfectly realized. But of all Mr. Grossmith's imitations—and there is not one of the parodies that is not in some respects notable—the finest is the unaccompanied recitation "Brokers Ahead; or, the Old Armchair," which in voice, style, gesture, and "poetry," is a masterly illustration of a school of recitation now very popular. The "poem" is altogether too good to be excluded, as it is, from Mr. Grossmith's book of words. And it may be noticed, in conclusion, that some of the most happy satirical displays in the entertainment, such as the very moving illustrations of how ladies shop, of the grace and dignity of waltzers, and other pleasing notes of modern manners, are not to be indicated in any set programme. They are incidents, as it were—possibly improvised—in the pauses of the songs, when the charming confidences of Mr. Grossmith are free to flow.

THAT BACKWARD BOY.

[Mr. Gladstone said that he did not think the English boy was distinguished beyond all other nations by his desire to learn. He did think that in Wales there was that desire to learn, and unquestionably it was so in Scotland.—Evidence before the Flintshire County Council.]

THE English boy, I greatly fear,
For knowledge does not wildly yearn;
The English boy, 'tis pretty clear,
Has no desire at all to learn.
I own it gives me little joy
To contemplate the English boy.

In Wales 'tis different, indeed,
For there the boys for knowledge long;
The thirst of that enlightened breed
For learning is extremely strong.
With Scottish boys, too, it prevails
As widely as with those of Wales.

Do not as prejudice deride
The dictum I have here let fall—
It is not so; for I have tried
My hand by turns upon them all.
And find that I my powers employ
In vain upon the English boy.

But when with Welsh or Scottish lad
The same instruction I begin,
I find I have not much to add,
Like mother's milk he takes it in;
In fact, my teaching never fails
With boys in Scotland or in Wales.

The English boy has heard me say,
As loud and often as I will,
That rending kingdoms is the way
To bind their bonds more firmly still;
But the response is very coy
And doubtful from the English boy.

While if I give the self-same "tip"
To any Welsh or Scottish youth,
Before the word has left my lip
He'll recognize it as the truth.
The boys of Scotland swallow tales
Like that, and so do boys in Wales.

The English boy can not be brought
Campaigning Plans to praise and prize;
Or see in their devices aught
But robbery in thin disguise;
My pleas for them, in fact, annoy
That very backward English boy.

Whereas my Scottish scholar's vote
For S-ym-r K-y is brisk and blithe,
And my Welsh pupil learns to quote
My teachings for the theft of tithe.
Such receptivity one hails
In boys of Scotland and of Wales.

The English boy unsoftened hears
That Treason's most effectual check
Is bursting into maudlin tears
And blubbing on the traitor's neck;—
That kind of "sweetness" seems to cloy
When offered to the English boy.

The other boy, the Scotch or Welsh,
Has chosen far the nobler part—
The Empire he would gladly squelch
For union with the Irish heart;
For he at only England rails,
The boy of Scotland or of Wales.

The English boy's a hopeless case,
He will not learn, he does but scoff;
I leave him to his own disgrace;
I give him up, I cast him off.
I cannot teach him to destroy;—
Farewell, you backward English boy!

To you, my Welsh, my Scottish son,
To you I look, in you I trust!
By you the realm shall be undone,
And trailed its honour in the dust.
With you my bark to harbour sails,
O boys of Scotland and of Wales!

REVIEWS.

THE CHEMISTRY OF PAINTS AND PAINTING.*

TO use Professor Church's own words, this work "has been written with the view of explaining to artists, whether they be accomplished masters or commencing students, the chief chemical and physical characters of the materials with which they deal and of the operations they practise." This design he carries out very methodically in a series of chapters, beginning with the various painting-grounds—such as paper, ivory, plaster, panel, and canvas—then passing on to the oils and varnishes and the pigments, and concluding with a critical account of the various experiments on which the chief conclusions are based. Unfortunately, this plan involves a good deal of repetition, which

* *The Chemistry of Paints and Painting.* By A. H. Church, M.A., F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Academy of Arts in London. London: Seeley & Co., Limited. 1890.

the writer himself admits, but justifies on the ground "that many an artist or student would turn to one section or other of the book, without caring to read the whole." Professor Church is too modest. The book is a very interesting one throughout, and certainly ought to be read through by all artists; but it would have been better had it been a little more concisely written and arranged. This, however, is only one of the small criticisms which we shall have to make later; in all essentials the work is a very valuable one, and was much needed. There is no other work in English which covers the same ground. The last edition of Field's *Chromatography*, edited by Mr. J. Scott Taylor, gives valuable information on the relative stability of pigments; but it gives no account of their manufacture, nor does it provide any tests for their genuineness. Most of the other works which have appeared of late years on artists' pigments are quite untrustworthy.

Artists ought to be especially grateful for having at last an authoritative discussion of the whole question of the permanence of their materials; for this question, which for the last hundred years has been curiously neglected, is at last beginning to exercise the minds of painters almost as much as it did in the days of the old masters. They had their materials prepared in their own studios by their pupils; and, in spite of their comparative ignorance of chemistry, their work, as a rule, has lasted surprisingly well. Unfortunately, modern painters cannot well return to this system; they have no pupils in the sense in which the old masters had them—i.e. apprentices living with them—and, if they had, their pupils would consider it beneath their dignity to prepare their masters' colours. To set off against this, the modern manufacturer can make use of the latest results of science, and has at his command infinitely more complete and elaborate appliances than the old painter could boast of. All things considered, the modern artist ought to be at least as well off as the old master was with respect to his materials, especially if he follows Professor Church's advice, and becomes sufficiently acquainted with the subject to keep the manufacturer up to the proper standard. As those artists who have no knowledge of chemistry (and this includes nearly the whole body) may be frightened away from the book by the title of it, it may be as well to explain that the chemistry it contains is not of a very alarming nature, and is expressly addressed, not to chemists and experts, but to artists.

In many respects the chemical theory of the composition and alteration of pigments has advanced far enough to throw light on the practical questions that are continually arising in the making of pictures; but it must not be forgotten that the ultimate test in these delicate matters is always that of experience. Chemical theory alone will not settle whether a pigment be permanent or not; this can only be finally decided by exposing pigments to light and to any other disturbing influences that are likely to be met with in practice, and watching the result. To do Professor Church justice he has not neglected this side of his subject, and not the least valuable part of his work is an account of the careful experiments he has himself made, and his critical examination of the experiments of others, including a very elaborate discussion of the important investigation carried on by Dr. Russell and Captain Abney on behalf of the Science and Art Department to settle the vexed question of the deterioration of the National water-colour drawings. That this warning about the insufficiency of theory alone is not without foundation can be proved by a reference to the most fundamental colour of all oil-painting, flake-white. This is a compound of lead carbonate and lead hydrate, and artists have been continually warned on purely theoretical grounds against its use. In spite, however, of these warnings they have gone on using it, and their obstinacy is at last justified by Professor Church, who believes that not only is flake-white stable in itself, but that it has a strongly preservative effect on other pigments which have been mixed with it:—

There are many old oil-paintings in which the only perfectly-preserved parts of the work are those in which flake-white has been used with considerable freedom. Here the continuity of the layer of pigment is intact, elsewhere there are cracks and roughnesses and scalings-off. To what cause is the preservation of the high lights and of the paler flesh-tints attributable? The association of hardness and cohesiveness which these parts show is traceable to the white lead.

And this is not the most curious part of the business. The writers who have condemned flake-white have attributed its evil properties to the lead hydrate that it contains, and have advocated methods of preparing it by which this hydrate is excluded. Professor Church himself shared this view at one time; but he fortunately tested it in a series of experiments, the result of which must have surprised him a good deal. He found that the ordinary flake-white was superior in every point to the pure carbonate, and he now considers that it is precisely the despised hydrate, or rather the mixture of it with the carbonate, that gives its most valuable qualities to the pigment. However, a chemist who, like Professor Church, is also a painter is not likely to let theory ride roughshod over experience; indeed, this very instance shows it abundantly.

With regard to most pigments there is now a substantial agreement amongst experts. There are many that are well known to be fugitive, but, fortunately, quite as many that have been proved to be permanent under all ordinary conditions; but there are certain doubtful ones where fresh experiment is much needed. Artists will be sorry to hear that Professor Church condemns Vandyke brown. Of all the treacherous pigments, this is the one

that is probably most used. There is room for hope; for there are three kinds of Vandyke brown, two of which are permanent and innocuous to other pigments; it is only the third kind that is affected by light, but, unfortunately, it is precisely this third kind that is usually sold in England.

Another most important colour, about which there is a considerable difference of opinion, is vermilion. Professor Church is not quite as definite about this as could be wished. In oil-painting he places it in Class I., amongst the permanent pigments, but he remarks that, for water-colours, the artificial variety of it must be relegated to Class III., in which are placed the most fugitive pigments. As to whether the natural variety (that made by simply grinding selected pieces of native cinnabar) can be safely used in water-colours, he is silent. Now, this is a question of very great importance. The madders, again, are a favourite battle-ground of the experts. The general opinion seems to be that they are all practically permanent, with the exception of the so-called yellow madders, which are not madders at all, and are very fugitive; but Professor Church shakes his head over them:—"Although the madder colours are very much less affected by light than are the pigments derived from cochineal, yet it cannot be affirmed that any of them are absolutely permanent when continuously exposed" (p. 158).

It is interesting to find that Professor Church gives the highest stability to madder carmine; this is fortunate, as being the richest in colour of all the madders, it can very well replace the others. This may be considered as practically permanent in oil-painting, and may eventually, with improvements in manufacture, prove quite permanent in water-colours. It may be as well to mention that Mr. J. Scott Taylor gives all these colours—Vandyke brown, vermilion, and the madders—as quite permanent, but he certainly inclines to a rather optimistic view; and, on the other hand, the valuable experiments of Dr. Russell and Captain Abney, to which we have already alluded, fully bear out the opinion that in water-colours, at any rate, these pigments are treacherous. All authorities agree in condemning asphalt, or bitumen, as it is more commonly called; but, unfortunately, it is still largely used by artists—much more largely than most of them are willing to confess. It is certainly dangerous when used at all thickly, but the modern practice inclines to merely employing it in thin glazes mixed with a good deal of some strongly-drying medium, and many artists are of opinion that used in this way it is quite stable. According to our author there is something to be said for this view. There are means of preparing asphalt by which "a paint is obtained which neither cracks nor moves on the canvas like the unpurified material," and in the classified table of pigments it is not assigned to the third or black list of quite inadmissible pigments, but is placed in Class No. II., which includes "those which, though liable to a variable measure of change, may yet generally be allowed."

Much space is allotted to the important subject of oils and varnishes. It is satisfactory to find that Professor Church is in substantial agreement with the usual modern practice in regard to an oil-medium. "For the general use of painters in oil nothing more is wanted than true copal or amber oil-varnish, a drying oil, and a diluent." He considers, however, that as a rule an unnecessary quantity of oil is used in this medium, and recommends the following formula:—

- 2 measures of copal oil-varnish made from Sierra Leone copal;
- 1 measure of poppy oil;
- 2 measures of oil of turpentine or oil of spike.

He condemns all preparations of mastic (the basis of megilp) when used as mediums, although he recommends it as a final varnish. Of course its great advantage in this capacity is that, being a soft resin, it can be rubbed off the surface of the picture when it is necessary to renew it without injuring the pigments beneath, protected as they are by the much harder medium with which they have been mixed. In spite of the careful and thorough treatment of this subject, we sometimes come upon rather ambiguous statements; for instance, the chapter on "Dryers" concludes with this sentence:—"Most of the other siccatives employed by artists owe their efficacy to lead, or are resinous mixtures. Such are Siccatif de Courtrai, Siccatif de Haarlem, and terebene." Now it is rather important to know which of these siccatifs owe their drying quality to lead and which are resinous mixtures, for all lead dryers should certainly be avoided, whereas there is no objection whatever to resinous mixtures as such. Siccatif de Haarlem is said to be free from lead, and there is a considerable body of artistic experience in favour of its use.

We have no space to follow our author through the many interesting topics that he discusses, but we should like in conclusion to call especial attention to the summary of experiments that he gives at the close of his work, and to express a hope that he will continue his own labours in this field. We understand that Dr. Russell and Captain Abney are following up their researches on the stability of water-colours by a further series dealing with oil-paints. Such experiments ought to be continued until all doubt is finally removed as to what pigments an artist may use and what he must definitely avoid. In the meanwhile the profession ought to be grateful to Professor Church for the near approximation that he has already made to this desirable result.

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NOVELS.*

MISS MABEL ROBINSON, with critical appreciation of her work not universal among authors, calls her novel *A Woman of the World* an "everyday story." It is that, although people less pessimistic in their views of life may trust it to be not a story of every day. It is the history of a woman's life—a woman who, beginning as a devout and simple girl, full, if not of energetic purpose, yet of aspiration and hope, falls bit by bit from her high spiritual estate, passing through phases of disappointment, deception, and spiritual destitution until she reaches the level of the "woman of the world," and rests there; by no means wicked or doing wickedness, but no longer hoping, believing, or expecting any good thing. Eugenia Canning, as she is introduced to us in the first chapter returning in the June morning from the early church service, herself as pure and transparent as the drops of dew lingering on her father's lawn, is as different from the Lady Prendergast—"hard, and empty-hearted, and pleasure-seeking"—whom we leave at the close of the story driving in her victoria in the Park, as if they were two women with differing natures. To draw this melancholy abdication of its throne by a soul so as to make it seem real and inevitable is not an easy task, nor has Miss Robinson treated it as an easy task. She has treated it with extreme and patient care. She has brought to it many qualifications, much observation of minute matters, great conscientiousness, and scrupulous adhesion to her theory of life. But she has done as the wicked old fairy not invited to the christening did—she has put aside the one gift that would have made the others valuable, at least in a novel; she has left out charm. Eugenia's story is depressing. There are plenty of righteous things in her surroundings, but they do not work together for good. A novel had better be a little wrong and not so unpleasant. It is not that Miss Robinson is didactic, but that her people seem too insensible to the natural joy of the world. No one is genially, frankly happy, and no one has any reason to be so. Harrington, who is the saint of the story, has a sordid, suffering life, is insulted and "put upon" by every one, and imagination or experience is racked to depict the agonies, physical and moral, of his death-bed. The description of Harrington's death and preceding sufferings would add a new terror to life if one could accept the sketch as anything but exceptional. Such lugubrious scenes are entirely out of place in a book meant in any way for entertainment. Fiction like this, instead of lightening the burdens of existence, opening a window for the tired, and bringing light into dark places, sends us to realities for comfort and relief. The present may not be the best of conceivable worlds, but it is a long way better than it appears in Miss Robinson's story. Are people pessimists because they are destitute of humour, or does humour fly out of the window when pessimism comes in at the door? In any case, that philosophical view makes an unfortunate basis for a novel.

In the two volumes entitled *Lady Dobbs* there are a great many adjectives, mostly superlative; many quotations of poetry, with the names of the authors—Shakespeare, Coventry Patmore, Longfellow, Browning—carefully appended in foot-notes; much elaborate analytic writing; few ideas, and little incident. The story would seem to have been intended for girls, since it treats chiefly of school life, except for the passages in Helen Donnington's existence after she becomes Lady Dobbs. These are not to edification, in so much as they give a picture of a sullen, ungrateful, deceitful young woman, to whom every one forgives everything because of her extreme loveliness. Helen has played a very shabby trick at her French school, by which one of the masters loses his situation. It was a great blow at the time to M. Eminesco; but, as he soon after succeeds to great estates in England and is restored to his own Russian property and title of Count, the little school affair passes off his mind. The poetic retaliation, however, conceived by the writer of *Lady Dobbs* is that Helen should meet the Count after her marriage with Sir Marmaduke Dobbs, fall dreadfully in love with his "melancholy, passionate eyes," his ungrammatical French, and his conversation composed of tedious extracts from biographical dictionaries; that she should tell innumerable stupid fibs of and to him; have a brain fever, and, after recovery, live comfortably with her husband for ever after—Count Eminesco marrying some one else. The author has taken great trouble to describe the character of Helen, and has succeeded in showing us a shallow, false, and cold heart in a beautiful body. What is more difficult to understand is how such a nature could ever change and develop into goodness. "Develop the mind, cultivate the inward life, Lady Dobbs," said to her Basil the didactic, who knew her better than to make love to her. Then he sensibly went away, and left the husband to superintend the process.

* *A Woman of the World: an Everyday Story.* By F. Mabel Robinson. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1890.

Lady Dobbs. By Emily Marion Harris. 2 vols. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. 1890.

St. Monica: a Wife's Love Story. By Mrs. Bennett-Edwards. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith. London: Simpkin & Co.

Love's Loyalty. By Cecil Clarke. 2 vols. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.

A Titled Maiden. By Caroline Atwater Mason. "Star" Series. London and New York: Warne & Co.

My Lady Nell. By Emily Weaver. "Star" Series. London and New York: Warne & Co.

St. Monica: a Wife's Love Story is one of those compositions purporting to be pictures of real life, in which every ordinary occupation, pursuit, or object of life is ignored except that of making love. The women are wildly, distractingly, "voluptuously" beautiful; the men are "perfect in form and feature," and have thirty thousand a year, and none of them have anything to do but to experience the most frantic passions and give utterance to them day and night. Sometimes they love, and sometimes they hate, and each always in the extreme. They shiveringly attract or shudderingly loathe, and they are always doing one or the other. What makes the four-part drama of *St. Monica* particularly complex is that George and Veronica, Will and Monica alternate their sentiments for each other with such haste and violence that it is not easy to follow them and pin them down. Before we have realized that Vera detests George with every fibre of her being we find her casting her arms around him as the adored and only one. Will "curses" his Veronica, divorces her to marry Monica, and then makes passionate love to his former wife as soon as she has become George's. George, too, "harps back and back" in an irritating way. It is all exceedingly foolish, and only not harmful because it is so insincere and shallow. In one or two scenes the author seems to have wished to skirmish round impropriety; but for evil or good little impression can be made by writing so hasty, reckless, and inconsequent.

There is an old-fashioned simplicity about *Love's Loyalty*, by Cecil Clarke, which reminds one of an ancient country garden. The atmosphere of the story is antiquated, as the fragrance of the cottage flower-beds seems to belong to the olden time. The people are so good, and talk such fine sentiments. The descriptions of Dresden and Brittany, though probably taken from personal knowledge, suggest the guide-book. The literary struggles of the young ladies, the poetic aspirations of the young gentlemen, are told with naïveté, and their ecstasies when they get hold of a publisher and appear in print is touching. Literary endeavour, indeed, with all its early ambition, crushing failures, and reiterated efforts, is the mainspring of Cecil Clarke's novel. Far, far beyond mere hereditary grandeur and wealth is the glory of accepted copy. After two volumes of poverty, disappointment and struggle, when Nevill Challoner has somehow, in a way not easy to understand, become Earl of Musselburgh, and made poor little Nora Wodehouse his countess and ruler over his great Scotch estates and vast possessions, the two converge thus:—

"Your surprise, what is it, Nevill?" "Prepare yourself for an amazing one. Are you ready? Well, Mr. Lafont has, subject to some slight alterations, accepted my poem, *Althea*. You see, therefore, madam, a poet and an aristocrat is not such an impossible combination, after all." "Accepted! I am overjoyed! Oh, husband, what a joyful day is this! Will you credit it; I, too, have been keeping something back? What that is you could never guess. My most serious effort, *The Valley of Sin*, and those who *Walk through it Unscathed*, has at length found a purchaser in Mr. Walbrook, of Booksellers' Court."

This is putting literature on its proper footing. The Earl had a frugal mind, however bent it was on poetry. The Countess, in recounting the efforts of her father (a converted schemer) to improve the tenantry, goes on:—

Following up the well-intentioned, though undeveloped, possibly rather chimerical, impulses which prompted him to establish his unfortunate newspaper, he has instituted religious services in a temporary shed for the labourers on the property, their wives and children. Is not this truly philanthropic conduct? Of course dear Nevill has given his unqualified sanction to such discourses. But he seemed somewhat moved when papa went on to ask permission to cut down some timber in order to construct benches for his congregation. I believe my husband was constrained to meet this request with a reluctant refusal, couched, I need not say, in language of the politest.

For a hero and a poet, Nevill was something overmuch of a canny chiel.

Two pretty little volumes of the "Star" Series, in their gay red and gold and blue and gold bindings, come to us, bringing untimely suggestions of Christmas and Christmas books. One is an American story, *A Titled Maiden*, bright, wholesome, and entertaining. The title the brave and constant Marian Brown wins for herself is not by marriage with an English earl or foreign prince, but by study of medicine and practice as a doctor. Her practice ends in great success, but she always declared this was due less to her scientific attainments than to the fame acquired by a certain terrible midnight ride of hers, when she was lured away by ruffians to attend a sick-bed. The second volume, *My Lady Nell*, is an English story of the olden time, in the days of the Reformation. Its tone is religious.

MUNGO PARK AND THE NIGER.*

THE volumes of "The World's Great Explorers" follow, and do not too much resemble one another. After Arctic and Syrian exploration comes West African, which makes at least a very thorough change of scene. The hero of this present book, too, has an abundant individuality of his own. Mungo Park was, in a different way, quite as marked a character as his countryman Bruce—who, by the way, is also, and very properly, to have his volume in the series. Mr. Thomson, to whom Park has been entrusted, has "done" him in a thoroughly readable way. Following out the sound rule laid down for the series, he has

* *Mungo Park and the Niger.* By Joseph Thomson, Author of "Through Masai Land" &c. London: George Philip & Co. 1890.

put him between a sketch of what went before and what has followed. Four introductory chapters give a sufficient account of what had been learnt in classic times (and not forgotten) and what was known, through the Arabs, of the Niger country. Then comes the central bulk of the book, which gives Park's own life and work, so told as to make the exact extent and nature of his additions to knowledge perfectly clear. Finally, there come eight chapters, describing in large lines whatever has been done to complete Park's work—the revolutions in Central Africa; the journeys of Clapperton, Barth, and Lander; the French adventures in the Senegal; and the enterprises of the Niger Company, in which Mr. Thomson has himself had no small share. This amounts to a considerable slice of the history of the discovery of the world. It is told by Mr. Thomson with a vivacity which makes the most of its natural interest. He should provoke the reader's appetite for more.

With Mungo Park himself Mr. Thomson has the proper biographer's sympathy. He rises almost to passion in defending him against the strictures of Mr. Ruskin, whose austerity was shocked because Park very frankly declared himself sick of the life of a laborious and ill-paid Scotch country doctor. Mr. Ruskin thinks this "terrific" as indicating "total absence of the instinct of personal duty—total absence of belief in the God who, &c. &c.," together with other wants, and a fatal prevalence of avarice in the character of Mungo Park. At this Mr. Thomson gets angry, naturally, but not altogether wisely. This is one of those "terrific" explications of Mr. Ruskin's which "signify if you look into them almost total absence" of any sense of the incongruous and absurd in that eminent stylist. A few impersonal observations about the sherry trade would have met the case. Better still would it have been to pay no attention to Mr. Ruskin's wild and whirling words at all. In another place we think Mr. Thomson might also have spared some very manifest girds at the modern African traveller (not at all difficult to identify) who cannot move without an immense caravan and stores in stupendous quantities. Mr. Thomson compares him not a little to his disadvantage with Park, who started on his first great journey with two black servants and one pack-donkey. The difference is striking certainly; but, after all, the subsequent adventures of Park were eminently calculated to deter others from following his example. Moreover, it is not to be forgotten that when Park went again on an expedition to explore the Niger, he did not go alone, but with an armed caravan, which did a goodish bit of fighting. The story of the first voyage, as told by Park himself and compressed by Mr. Thomson, is indeed one of the most painful in the history of travel. The misery and degradation Park had to struggle through were almost unparalleled, and at times, when he is in the hands of the brutal "Moors," even a humane reader cannot avoid the wish that an explorer of the modern stamp had been there with a Gatling. Even Admiral Byron's narrative of the loss of the *Wager*, one of the most horrible histories of misery in print, does not equal Park's. It is all the more honourable to him that he won through it. One cannot help suspecting that he owed part at least of his success to a certain dulness of sensibility, or at least to a toughness of fibre which enabled him both to witness and to bear cruelty which might have driven even a very courageous man of more nerves mad. He does not seem to have been greatly disturbed by what he saw of the Slave-trade or any other part of the savagery of Africa. Probably he made his mind up that it was going to be savage, and was not surprised to discover that he was right. Mr. Thomson criticizes his hero boldly enough. He cannot, for instance, forgive him his attitude on the slavery question. Perhaps this same disposition to accept what he could not amend, which bore Park up during the misery of his first journey, may explain what seems shocking to Mr. Thomson. But, although he rebukes him for his deficiency in this respect, Mr. Thomson gives Park full credit for his extraordinary heroism, and for the perfect honesty he showed as an observer and narrator. The last chapters of the volume contain a very spirited account of the voyages which finally showed the true course of the Niger, and also of the strange revolutions which have made so much of Central Africa Mahometan in the last three generations or so. In short, Mr. Thomson's book is to be strongly recommended to all who wish to understand the position in Africa to-day as an intelligent Englishman should do.

ERDMANN'S HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY.*

AS a rule there is one complaint or another to be made about translations of German philosophical books. At one time the translators adhere so slavishly to their text as to produce work bad in English style and hard to be understood; at another they allow themselves so free a hand that the result of their labours comes to be a more or less faulty paraphrase. The latter objection cannot be urged at all, and the former only slightly, to the three volumes of Erdmann's "Outlines." That the translation has been undertaken and carried through so well is due to those in charge of "The Library of Philosophy," whose very promising prospectus lies before us. Erdmann's work has been chosen to

open the series, and a better choice could not have been made. Although disciple of a sufficiently distinct school, his work contains no partisan criticisms, while in every case the fullest information is given. In this matter it is superior even to Ueberweg, whose references are not so satisfactory, and whose arrangement leaves much to be desired. At the same time, there are several points in Erdmann's work which it is necessary to notice. He has not escaped those errors into which almost all modern historians fall, the chief among which is the endeavour to read into past systems a great deal more than is really to be found in them, and to discover consistency where contradictions are apparent. That in the first volume Erdmann pays such minute attention to every phase of Scholasticism is sure to be reckoned by many as one of his errors. A little consideration, however, will show that this is really a most valuable part of the book. We have been far too much accustomed to vague generalizations, generally of an uncomplimentary kind, with regard to this most interesting period in the history of thought; and Churchmen of all sorts at least will not object to the fulness of the author's exposition. It was in these so-called "dark ages" that many theories took their rise which are not without their influence upon the Christian doctrine of to-day. The very fact of the permanence of that influence is sufficient to make the earnest student desirous of becoming more fully acquainted with all the circumstances of its source. There is nothing easier than to call the age of the Scholastics barren, and to assert that its interest is for the logical understanding only. The fact remains that, whatever causes, such as the influx of the barbarians under the rule of the Church, led to the gradual systematizing and subsequent discussion upon Christian doctrine, the history of the Scholastic dogmatism should not, as heretofore, be lightly passed over by any section of thinkers. It is quite true that the more successful the schoolmen were in transforming theology, the more did religious minds turn away to take refuge in the mystic experiences of the inner life. There had been, of course, a Scholastic mysticism; but that was one which existed in the Church as against the world. Afterwards there appeared those whom Erdmann designates the "Theosophists," who were not only against the world, but more especially against the Scholastics. It is in great part to these latter that we must look for the origin of the Reformation. On this and cognate matters Erdmann supplies a good deal of information, although in one or two instances he might have given more. One other point must be noticed here. The author does not give nearly so much attention to the secular history of this period as it unquestionably deserves. At no time do all the influences more imperatively require to be taken into account in the history of human thought than in this one, which is recognized by the Germans as the starting-point of modern philosophy, and by the English as the real beginning of their scientific life. With regard to Bacon, the account given is tolerably full and accurate, with just such a touch of prejudice as we could not fail to expect from an *à priori* philosopher. Going back in this first volume, we may note that, while there is a tolerably long account of the various systems between Aristotle and the Scholastics, it is scarcely so continuous as we might expect from an historian of the author's kind. The translations of Zeller, however, will in part help the student over this difficulty; while the study of Neoplatonism is beginning to make itself a home in England. Mention may be made here of Erdmann's acute remarks (i. 206) as to the change made in philosophy in its transplantation from Greek to Roman soil.

The question whether Hobbes, Bacon, and some others should be included among the modern philosophers is one which appears to have given Erdmann some concern, but which is really of no importance. Because Aristotelianism—as it is loosely called—lasted for some time after the Reformation, he is inclined to leave all those upon whom its influence is apparent out of the modern section of his work. If, however, this principle were thoroughly carried out, it would be hard to say where any division whatever could be made. The very German philosophy to which Erdmann proclaims allegiance owes a great deal to the skilful use made by Kant of the categories of the Greek philosopher. At the same time it must be conceded that historians of philosophy have wisely, and as a rule, made the modern period begin with Descartes. The very character of his "Method" makes it specially convenient as a starting-point. Erdmann's account of the philosophy is clear and full, especially as regards the controversy about the existence of God. It is not, however, pointed out with sufficient clearness that Descartes has really two points of view so soon as he leaves the first ground of *Cogito ergo sum*, and that these may come into conflict with each other. If the idea of God is one of those "clear and distinct," then God cannot be taken as giving a guarantee for their validity; if not—and this seems Descartes' general position—there should be some sort of process in the evolution of these ideas. This question, as well as that of the dualism he makes between thought and extension, are too familiar to require further notice. It is their reappearance in Spinoza that gives them significance; for the Occasionalism of Malebranche must be regarded only as a step towards the pantheistic system of the greater philosopher. The question of the exact relation between Descartes and Spinoza is one of particular interest to Fischer and Erdmann, the latter of whom follows Hegel closely in his account of Spinoza's "attributes." It is perfectly plain that these were originally suggested by the distinctions already made by Descartes—the only question

* *History of Philosophy.* By Dr. J. E. Erdmann. Translated by several English and American Scholars, and edited by Professor W. S. Hough. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

being as to the change in their application by the later philosopher. At first sight it appears as though Spinoza, starting from his Infinite, looked upon Thought and Extension as though they lay side by side, the one complementary of the other. Yet this view is not exactly the one he adopted. The two main attributes are not conceived by him as in necessary relation to each other. The only necessity for each is its relation to the Infinite, to God. Both having this, we are forced to think of them as parallel and co-ordinate—equal, because they hold the same relation to the Infinite, in which all things are. Probably it was because Spinoza was so dominated by his first idea that he did not perceive the error he made so soon as he began to break up his unity. He avoided "the mistake of trying to explain the mode of one attribute by a limitation of the other. The two are entirely independent, each is to be conceived of *per se*, for otherwise they would be modes." It is exactly at this point that the difficulty appears. Spinoza did not see that thought is the thought of extension, and, further, that it is thought which makes the distinction between them. One of his correspondents objected to this part of his system that thought must be the correlative of all the attributes of God—an objection which Spinoza never answered. It is easy enough, however, to see that in this criticism we have the first suggestion of that absolute idealism which was fully developed in the system of Hegel. But, although Hegel so far departed from Spinoza, there is no doubt of the fact that in the ultimate result of his philosophy he comes more nearly to Pantheism than any other of Spinoza's successors. It is probably in the remembrance of this that the Hegelian Erdmann has paid so much attention to the individualism of Leibnitz. That he has done so is rather an advantage than otherwise, since the presentation of that philosopher's system in the most favourable point of view is the very best corrective to the foolish generalizations by which it is often represented, and the one-sided criticisms to which it has been exposed. The fault of Erdmann's exposition is that he does not fully examine the contradictions involved in the "harmony" of Leibnitz. Although he says that "no exposition of any system has a right to make it more consistent than it really is," his own error lies very much in this direction. The fact is that Leibnitz contradicted himself with regard to the nature of the monads. At one time he speaks of them as immaterial and yet points of force—in this suggesting Lotze in later times. At another, as Erdmann is at pains to show, the monads are spoken of, not only as material, but also as corporeal. The greatest difficulty which meets us in the study of this philosophy is the relation of God to the universe. God cannot be thought of in the Spinozistic sense, else the monads would lose their independent individuality, and the most important point of the philosophy would be lost. But if they retain their individuality, that means retaining their negativity, and thus we can never reach God as pure affirmation. Logically Leibnitz should have done without God; and, indeed, his "pre-established harmony" shows that his God was to do as little as possible. He did not see that he had already limited the Divine by the very terms of his own theory. On this point it is interesting to remember that his "best of all possible worlds" is "not the best because God has chosen it, but God has chosen it because it is the best." When we remember, beyond this, that he supposed the higher monads to comprehend the lower and apply this to God, we seem to see our way beyond the contradictions. The fact, however, is that Leibnitz was full of contradictions, and if ever, as in the last-mentioned instance, and when he stated the correct relation between sensation and thought, he seems to have got clear, at the next turning we find a new inconsistency. In Erdmann's sketch of Wolff and the philosophers about his time there is nothing remarkable save the historian's curious and yet worthy sympathy with the character of this new scholastic. He does not, however, bring out all the points in which the Wolfian influence upon Kant might be made apparent. Turning back now—for we have reversed Erdmann's order—we find that the rise and progress of Sensationalism in England and France has been stated with great care and impartiality. If Erdmann does not point out, as he ought, the sharp contradiction between Locke and Leibnitz as to simple and complex ideas, he, at any rate, makes a fair enough statement of the Englishman's position. A like commendation may be given to his rather scanty notices of the English moralists, and, later, of the Scottish school. There is a slight confusion in the arrangement of the second volume in the first part, owing probably to the difficulty of tracing the continuity of thought in Britain, France, and Germany, and of massing the results together so as to bring them to bear on Kant. With regard to Kant, Fichte, and Hegel there is no reason to be dissatisfied with Erdmann's statement; although, even if we admitted the validity of his standpoint, his notice of certain details is somewhat meagre. It is quite impossible to follow the author through this most important part of his work, and it is the less necessary since the questions involved have been, and will be, continually coming up in philosophical discussion. The one important point to be mentioned is with reference to the Categories. These Kant borrowed from the Aristotelian formal logic, and gave them quite a new application. His so-called "Deduction" is nothing, although probably the name was full of suggestion to Hegel. The Categories of Kant have no interdependence, and are not in his system to be traced back to a single principle. How far Hegel advanced upon this may be seen from Erdmann (ii. 687):—

Since the entire system of them is called reason (Idea) they may be

termed relations of reason. Hegel calls them Categories, and means thereby, not only as did Kant, subjective conceptions of the understanding, but, like Krause, essentialities. They are the universal relations of reason, which because they govern every rational system may be called souls of all reality; but because they are only the laws that govern everywhere the same, are not affected by the distinction of nature and spirit, they are abstractions, so that Logic introduces us into a world of shadows.

This is written in explanation of the place given by Hegel to Logic as the *philosophia prima*, and it shows what a stride has been made from the old position which the Categories held. Unless Kant's attitude with regard to them can be justified—a matter of considerable doubt—it is more than questionable whether the position of Hegel and his *philosophia prima* can longer be held.

Various answers to such a question are to be found in Erdmann's third volume, the only objection to which is that it gives us no more than a very general review of philosophy since Hegel. It is curious that since the break-up of the Hegelians, philosophy, properly so called, has to a considerable extent lost its attraction in Germany. There are several effects of this dissolution which have an importance of their own. The first is the direction of thought towards theology and the philosophy of religion. On the whole, this has led to orthodoxy, although by no means of a rigid sort. The "Christianity without Christ" and the "Christian Positivism" to which we are becoming accustomed in England have lost all attraction for the German thinkers. As allied to this reaction in Germany may be taken the tendency towards realism in the new systems, among whose makers Lotze may be reckoned as the most important. "The completely untenable nature of the Hegelian views" has led him to the construction of an elaborate system of his own, regarding which it is unnecessary to say more than that it leads either to a fixed dualism or to materialistic Pantheism. But the third and most important result of the Hegelian collapse is the greater impulse given to the study of history and to the minute examination of special periods and their dominant ideas. There can be no doubt as to the value of such a movement. Even if it seems at the present to be a scattering of energy, philosophers of the Erdmann type have the consolation of knowing that such an analysis must take place before a more perfect synthesis can appear. In due time, no doubt, the day of reconstruction will come.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

ITALIAN literature boasts no more adequate and masterly expression of the Tuscan rural mind, manners, and customs than the *Veglie di Neri* (1), excepting only the inimitable *sonetti* in dialect that were signed, early in the seventies, with an anagram of the author's name. That Renato Fucini's sole rival should be Neri Tanfucio is but one more proof (were it needed) that the best vehicle for a born poet is poetry. In the *Matto delle giuncaglie*, the first of the series, the writer attains a pathos which is but the other side of the grave and irresistible humour which has so endeared him to his contemporaries. *Perla* will rend the hearts of all lovers of animals; the two Maremma episodes, and *Dolci ricordi*, are of a sane and exquisite sadness. For the fun of the *Scampagnata*, its *enfant terrible*, its birdcatching and bibulous priest, its village notabilities, and its youthful poetess of fifty summers, given to delicious criticisms of Leopardi and of life, what can we say but Long live Neri Tanfucio! may his shadow never be less; may he once more sing to rhythmic measures. These admirable sketches of rural life are illustrated by Florentine artists, foremost of whom, as regards this work, we must rank Signor Fabbri (*La Falta*), Signori Gamberini and Larri (*La Scampagnata*), and Signor Cecchi (*Passeggio memorabile*).

A third edition of *Il marito di Elena* (2) has appeared in the *Biblioteca Amena*, which publishes fortnightly a cheap edition of the best fiction, original or translated, at a franc the volume. Signor Verga is no plagiarist, but he has remembered *l'affaire Clémenceau*, and treated the subject more logically than its first exponent, if with less brilliancy. This Neapolitan tragedy has all the strength to be gained from absolute simplicity and directness, and from the absence of any too obvious or importunate moral or thesis. It is a presentment of real life, as implacable as history or fate. *Tigre reale* (3), by the same author, appears in the same form.

Most of Signor Barrili's heroines love strange disguises. Neither monasteries nor any other places of celibate retreat are sacred to them. Therefore, why should a young and lovely widow (the Contessa Brunamonti) abstain from invading a respectable bachelor household on the Lake of Como, especially when the title-page of the *Signora Antari* (4) informs us that this is an "Unlikely Story"? Besides, Quirina Brunamonti, in taking the Villa Melzi by storm, under the guise of a glorified and impossible housemaid, is but giving a Roland for the elder

(1) *Le veglie di Neri: Poesie e figure della campagna Toscana*. Di Renato Fucini (Neri Tanfucio). 1^a edizione illustrata. Milano: Ulrico Hoepli.

(2) *Il marito di Elena*. Di G. Verga. *Biblioteca Amena*. Milano: Fratelli Treves.

(3) *Tigre reale*. Di G. Verga. *Biblioteca Amena*. Milano: Fratelli Treves.

(4) *La Signora Antari: storia inverisimile*. Di Anton Giulio Barrili. Milano: Fratelli Treves.

Melzi's Oliver, Vitaliano Melzi having sent a female spy from his own household into hers. Despite this unscrupulous attempt to ascertain the character and habits of a lady he has never seen, but whom, for reasons of *convenience*, he wishes his brother to wed, all's well that ends well. Silvio Melzi is twenty years younger than his brother; he dabbles in science, is provokingly polite, considerate, and well behaved, and unaccountably absent. However, the magnetic glances and attentions of the transcendent housemaid galvanize him into an awakening which, we fear, can only be transitory; and in the garden at Moltrasio he tells Quirina, in impassioned accents (she twirls the corners of her apron and plays bashfully with her cap-strings the while), the legend of the first Lombard king. The lady naturally inquires what makes the Long-beard in this galley, or rather in this garden. "Here is no Antari!" "No," replies Silvio, with, for a puppet, admirable presence of mind; "here is a Signora Antari, and she is fair as the sun." Tableau. Appearance on the scene of elderly brother, who, being himself in love with the housemaid, has to be placated. Presentation of housemaid as Countess Brunamonti and future sister-in-law. General happiness. Curtain.

La Sirena (5), *storia vera*, is stronger and less unreal than the *Signora Antari*. This "true story," if it be but true in the sense of the truth of all good art, is the work, not of a great creator, but of a sympathetic observer. The school days at Savona read like a happy effort of memory. Amalia, the cold provincial siren, and Giovanni Bartoli, deserve, even if they have never existed, to live, so human are they and so much more alive than any other of Signor Barrili's personages. The secret of this writer's popularity may be explained by two causes. His careful innocuousness appeals directly to the Italian young person, to whom is accorded more freedom in the choice of foreign than of native fiction. She may read "Ouida," whom she is willing to accept as the mirror of English manners and the model of English style; she may not read Serao. The author of *La Sirena* has, besides, a cleverness akin to M. Ohnet's in telling an improbable story without the latter's vulgarity. It is this clever mediocrity which ensures him the languid attention of the more blasé reader and an otherwise unaccountably wide circulation.

Le figlie della duchessa (6) is a dramatic and sensational novel, dramatic in the good old pantomime sense, sensational after the time-honoured manner of Eugène Sue. Its grammar is harrowing, its morality unimpeachable, albeit it teems with murder, seduction, intrigue, and robbery. But how admirable are the lessons deduced from each separate crime! Who will question the soundness of such propositions as those of p. 335, of p. 136 of the second volume, or of any out of the multitude of reflective passages which alternate with the thrilling recital of these mysteries of Turin? "Oscar," says a dying roué to the fifteen-year-old son of a woman who, although she was old enough to have known better, had counted the world well lost for his sake—"Oscar, you are young. You cannot yet understand those passions of the heart, which, when they do not kill, make a whole life desolate. Never seek happiness in guilty love . . . for sooner or later comes the moment of expiation." The exquisite taste of this episode is enhanced by the fact that the speaker had got so tired of the Princess Farsaglia that after writing a very pious letter to his mother he was quite glad to expire in the arms of the husband of his mature victim. Again, we read:—"Guilty passions are the worst of misfortunes, because they are constantly crossed by remorse . . . He who has been guilty or unfortunate is ever cruel!" The Daughters of the Duchess (an inadequate title for a work which deals with so many other people's daughters and sons), the daughters and granddaughters of the Duchessa di Carpi, princesses, countesses, demi-mondaines, and ingénues, wear wondrous clothes. The Princess Edmea's go-to-meeting gown at ten o'clock on a morning at the latter end of the nineteenth century is of "stupendous" velvet brocade, smothered with sable, and surmounted by a golden bonnet with gilded feathers. In the evening she atones for this matutinal lavishness by wearing hardly anything but diamonds. On this occasion Ida, her youthful niece and rival, was lovely "in a gown of gathered muslin, with a bunch of roses on her hip." Another ingénue makes her *début* in a gown of silver brocade, with a "branch" of roses in her hair. The people's manners are as strange as their attire; of their ideas we cannot speak, for they have none. Their adventures would have to be seen to be believed in, "and that will never be, until an orange grows upon an apple-tree."

The *Don Chisciotto* (7) of Signor Salvatore Farina is a psychological study of a prig. He fights windmills, preaches sermons when he is expected to make love, defends dames and damsels who would rather take care of themselves, and whose husbands and lovers very naturally resent his interference; and is altogether a lamentable, decadent, and diminished copy of his great prototype, as much akin to the Don Quixote of Cervantes as a Brummagem sapphire or a Palais Royal ruby to the gems of Ormuz and of Ind. The five first chapters consist of an apostrophe to the hero. Full of cleverness and remarkable for pungent wit, the mistaken form of this *entrée en matière* endows it with a dulness which even the piquant episode of the Baroness Abici-

Zeta cannot redeem. In the sixth chapter the author begins to say his say in the third person, after explaining that Don Chisciotto and his anonymous upbraider and exponent are one and the same being; "for in every man born of women are two men, one who reflects, judges, and suffers, another who loves, tortures himself, would fain enjoy, and also suffers." Henceforward he will be one, no longer Don Quixote, but Don Juan. But Don Chisciotto cannot play his new, self-imposed part; he is quixotic to the end, torn whimsically in twain by the two souls who strive for mastery in his being, ever restrained by Don Quixote when Don Juan takes the bit between his teeth, ever jeered at by Don Juan when his blundering but well-meaning angel prevails.

Under the modest title of *Cenni biografici* (8) General Pradaelli publishes an interesting biography of the Venetian patriot Daniele Manin, who lived for the unification of Italy, and who died in 1857, having, as he said, helped "to sow the seeds which others would surely reap." Although this *Life of Manin* is the work of a soldier, a personal friend and an ardent admirer, it hardly touches on the memorable '48, the year in which Manin was head of the Provisional Government at Venice; for, says the author, "that is already matter of history." General Pradaelli concerns himself chiefly with the youth, the family life, and early struggles of Manin, and with the years (after 1849) that he spent in exile in Paris. The profits of his work, a touching tribute to the high-mindedness, abnegation, and power of endurance of a very noble man, are intended to swell the fund of the monument of Manin, offered by Venice to Florence, and shortly to be erected there.

SUMMER RAMBLES AROUND MANCHESTER.*

WITH the aim of Mr. Rimmer's book all right-minded people will sympathize. Life in great cities has many advantages, but also many and serious drawbacks, and one of these is the practical withdrawal of large masses from all knowledge of nature, of rural scenery, and of country life. To draw a town-dweller from the scene of his commercial or industrial activity, and to point out where at the "week end" he may find landscapes of picturesque beauty and ancient buildings that charm by their historic association or by striking contrast with the edifices of the present, is not only to confer a benefit upon his health and peace of mind, but to influence for good the whole community to which he belongs. The vice of the English middle class is the narrowness of its life and the poverty of its ideals. The wealthiest men of Manchester now live as far as they can from the city; but there are many capable of better things whose life alternates between the warehouse or the office, the club and the suburban street, and whose existence seems intended to prove the extent to which human nature can tolerate an unbroken monotony. To these town-dwellers Mr. Rimmer offers an invitation which they will be wise to accept. In close proximity to the cotton capital there are places like Knutsford, with its memories of Mrs. Gaskell; Wardley Hall, with its famous skull; Smithells Hall, with the legends that so strangely and strongly stirred the imagination of Nathaniel Hawthorne; Rotherne Mere, the beautiful lake of the Cheshire Loreley, and many other places of equal interest. Notwithstanding the great changes wrought in the Manchester district by the growth of manufactures, there are still many spots dear to the artist for pictorial effect; many old houses that retain the fashion and charm of bygone ages, and some at least of these have added to them historical and personal associations of high interest. Thus, Hall i' th' Wood is a noble specimen of the black and white architecture of the early Elizabethan period and worthy of a pilgrimage on that account alone; but to the Lancashire pilgrim—and not to him alone—it is additionally interesting as the birthplace of the spinning mule invented by Samuel Crompton. This has had a large share in that revolution in British industries which has been going on for a century. Crompton was a shy, reserved man, a musician as well as a mechanic, with a magnificent brain, but without the push, not to say the bluster, that in business life too often is essential to success. He made others wealthy, but remained poor himself, and even the Parliamentary grant of 5,000*l.* found wings, not by personal extravagance—for he was a man of pure life and simple tastes—but by business losses. A Manchester man devoting an afternoon to visiting Hall i' th' Wood has, therefore, material for pleasant recreation and profitable thought, and the same may be said, more or less, of the other spots to which he is invited by Mr. Rimmer. The principle of the division of labour is one that has been found advantageous in the district to which this book relates, and we do not think that Mr. Rimmer has been well advised in attempting to discharge the double function of artist and author. His pictures are satisfactory; they are skilful, even when only slight; and when, as at Adlington, more detail is attempted, the drawing shows how much the artist has appreciated his subject, and how thoroughly he has enjoyed his labour of love. Mr. Rimmer wields the pencil dexterously, but has far less command of the pen. His style is cumbersome and frequently

(5) *La Sirena*. Di Anton Giulio Barrili. Milano: Treves.

(6) *Le figlie della duchessa*. Di Carolina Invernizio. Torino: Tipografia della "Gazzetta di Torino."

(7) *Don Chisciotto*. Di Salvatore Farina. Roma: Direzione della Nuova Antologia.

(8) *Cenni biografici di Daniele Manin*. Per il Generale Pradaelli. Firenze: Successori Le Monnier.

* *Summer Rambles around Manchester*. By Alfred Rimmer. Manchester and London: John Heywood.

inaccurate, nor has he that discrimination in the choice of authorities which is necessary for an antiquary. He laments the quietness of the highways that were so busy in the old coaching days; but he sees there what no one else, we venture to think, has ever seen, and that is a "market cart going slowly to the nearest market town to make a sale or a purchase." This commercially disposed vehicle is not the only extraordinary circumstance recorded in the volume. If the book had to be regarded as a serious contribution to antiquarian literature, there are many of Mr. Rimmer's dicta that would need serious treatment; but in a guide for holiday-makers such errors are not so important, though still to be regretted. Mr. Rimmer's best work is that which he did in conjunction with the late Dean Howson, whose sound archaeological learning admirably supplemented the artistic skill of his colleague, and presumably saved him from mistakes such as are to be found in this volume. Mr. Rimmer will do well in future work to secure again the co-operation of a literary companion with a competent knowledge of local archaeology. But, apart altogether from the question of antiquarian exactitude, the book will be beneficial in helping to draw city dwellers into closer familiarity with the beautiful scenery and the interesting remains of ancient days still accessible within a few hours of the busiest centre of Manchester life.

SIAMESE TRADE.*

BY comparison with the misleading twaddle that is usually written about such countries as Siam, Dr. Anderson's unpretentious book may be regarded as a masterpiece of accuracy and a mine of useful information. It requires, perhaps, some courage to sit down to four hundred and odd pages relating merely to the business relations of this country more than two centuries ago with so remote a place as Siam. But the reader who undertakes this task will be repaid by learning some most interesting details as to the beginnings of English commerce in the East, told clearly and concisely, and in so pleasant a style that it is really difficult to skip any one chapter, or even any one page. Most Englishmen will be surprised to find that the intercourse between this country and the Land of the Elephant was so frequent and important in the seventeenth century as Dr. Anderson now shows it to have been. The tale of spasmodic efforts then made by the East India Company and by other traders to establish a permanent and profitable settlement at the capital and on the sea-coast forms a quaint and most instructive chapter in the history of British commerce; while the story of international struggles between Englishmen and other Europeans for trade supremacy in those parts is as interesting from a statesman's point of view as it is amusing in its old incidents. The competitors in those days were the Dutch, the Portuguese, and the English, supplemented at the end of the century by the French, who made good their footing in the country by other and more artful devices. The details of this prolonged battle, in which each nation in turn appears to have taken the lead, occupies the bulk of the volume; and in its vicissitudes of success and discouragement, of wisdom and folly, of rare honesty and habitual dishonesty, the characteristics of each nation, regarded from the colonist's point of view, come out with a clearness that is all the more striking because these features are not paraded before us by the writer.

Now that more attention is being attracted to Indo-China by the prospect of new railways and other industrial schemes to be undertaken by the Siamese Government or its concessionaires, it is not unimportant for England to estimate the character of the nation which has ruled from time immemorial in that fertile country. Upon this character, as it has been in the past and still is, Dr. Anderson's book throws a most valuable and unmistakable light. We find from first to last the same characteristics of quiet patriotism, courteous hospitality, and sound common sense, which are now so remarkable, accompanied with a latent distrust of strangers and a hatred of injustice and insult, which rise occasionally into fierce outbursts of hostility and determined efforts to obtain redress for notorious wrongs. It is impossible not to be struck also with the extraordinary similarity between the complaints then found with the English settlers and those which have quite recently been provoked by unwise and high-handed proceedings on the part of certain European officials in Bangkok. In spite of the strong bias which, then as now, inclined the Siamese King and his councillors in favour of England, there appear over and over again in the records of the then capital, Ayuthia, acts of foolish discourtesy and shortsighted dishonesty which drove the native Government, in spite of itself, into a feeling of resentment against this country, and into more amicable relations with rival Powers. Long before the actual war which James II. declared against Siam, and in which England had so deservedly the worst of it, the want of tact and of common honesty displayed by the representatives of the East India Company at Ayuthia had again and again alienated the sympathies of the people and their ruler, and given occasion to French, Dutch, and Portuguese traders to steal a march upon the English merchants. Time after time the factory at Ayuthia had to be abandoned as a non-paying speculation, simply because,

instead of humouring the King and acting fairly towards him, the English repudiated debts, and put affronts upon his Majesty, which no Siamese monarch ever did, or ever will, submit to in tame obedience. We seem to be reading over again a recent tale when we hear of the gross abuses prevalent amongst the English community under some of its chiefs and leaders in the seventeenth century. "In these parts we have all judges, but no justice," exclaims two of the aggrieved traders in 1677, who had a litigation between one another which the factors could not, or would not, "clear up." At the present moment there are about nine Consular Courts in the Siamese capital, only one of which contains either a judge or any officials possessed of the very smallest legal or judicial qualifications.

The trade then existing between Europe and Siam was of a very different kind from that which has now been developed. We find little or no mention of teak and rice, which are now by far the most important articles of export. Sapan wood and deerskins were then some of the most valuable exports; but a large amount of tin, lead, and gold were also taken by the European ships, having been brought to Ayuthia by servants or agents of the King, who reserved to himself the monopoly in mines and minerals. Gum and wax were also exported, as well as a good deal of silk, which, however, would be brought in great part from China by the ships trading to Japan. It is curious to see how intimate were the relations at that time between Japan and Siam, which during a part of the century seems to have been almost a customary "halfway house" between Europe and the land of the Rising Sun. The relations between the two Asiatic countries, after a long interruption, were re-established in 1888; and it is not improbable that some of the old advantages resulting from them in early times may again be secured. There were two main reasons why the conditions of our own trade with Siam in the seventeenth century differed from those of the present day. The capital (Ayuthia) was then fifty miles higher up the river than Bangkok, and by so much less accessible by sea; and, secondly, the Siamese King was then in possession of Tenasserim and the port of Mergui, to which came a very large proportion of the ships despatched from Indian ports and elsewhere. It is remarkable—considering the utter absence of any established trade route between the east and west coasts of the Malay Peninsula, or, in other words, between the west shore of the Siam Gulf and the east shore of the Bay of Bengal—to find that more than two centuries ago there were three or four such land routes perfectly practicable, and constantly in use. The exact traces of these ancient routes have long been lost, but the probable direction they took is sufficiently explained by Dr. Anderson, who evidently shares the hope expressed by former rulers in Tenasserim that by the reopening of overland communication with Mergui the valuable trade once passing to it from Siam might be restored, to the immense benefit of this British dependency. Such a result might well be attained if, instead of harassing the Siamese with vexatious claims, the representatives of this country in Bangkok and at Chung-mai would make up their mind to use a little tact and politeness, without which this Eastern nation can only be approached under great disadvantages. The people who in the seventeenth century best understood this fact and dealt most skilfully with the Siamese were, indeed, the French, who, under the guise of educational reformers, and with their cry of a *mission civilisatrice*, obtained a strong predominance, which was only lost on the occasion of the grand Siamese revolution of 1688. The story of this *coup d'état*, as well as of the massacre at Mergui a few years before, and the truly romantic adventures of "Lord" Phaulkon, is told by our author with the utmost impartiality and in a most readable style. He labours under some disadvantages in being personally unacquainted with Siam itself (though well acquainted with Tenasserim) and with the Siamese language. This leads him to make a few mis-translations and mistakes, as where he suggests that Clong is a corruption of Hong or Hang, whereas it is a common word, meaning a cutting or canal; and when he misunderstands the almost equally common title of Ka Luang, a king's officer. He appears also to miss the obvious meaning of the name of the old capital, Ayuthia. But, on the whole, such mistakes are rare, and the wonder is that Dr. Anderson can have so skilfully avoided much greater errors, and have presented from the rather scanty materials available so faithful a picture of Siamese trade and life at the time when they first took the impress of European influences.

THE TRIALS OF A COUNTRY PARSON.*

THE Trials of a Country Parson is the title of Dr. Jessopp's last book. Dr. Jessopp is always pleasantly chatty, and his hand has by no means lost its cunning. "If," he tells us, "I have dwelt on the country parson's trials, I have done so in no petty and querulous spirit, as if I had anything to complain of which others have not—this I should disdain to do—but rather as protesting that they press upon my brethren equally as upon myself, and that, such as they are, some must, some need not be, some ought not to be." We are glad to hear that, "so far from

* *English Interchange with Siam in the Seventeenth Century.* By John Anderson, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner, & Co.

* *The Trials of a Country Parson.* By Augustus Jessopp, D.D., Author of "One Generation of a Norfolk House," "History of the Diocese of Norwich," &c. London: Unwin.

repining at my lot, I have found it—I do find it—a very happy one." So far good; now let us see what his chief "trials" are. First, he grieves at "the altered tone which is observable in the language and manners of the country people since the days when he was a country curate twenty years ago." But, continues Dr. Jessopp,

while I lamented the noticeable deterioration, and the fact that the rustics were less cordial, less courteous, less generous, less loving, and, therefore, less happy than they had been, I gradually got to see that the surface may be ruffled and yet the inner nature beneath that surface may have some depths unaffected by the turmoil. The charity which hopeth all things suggested that it was the time to work and wait. It was not long before I learned to feel something more than mere interest in my people. I learned to love them. . . . I was shocked when friendly critics told me that I had drawn a melancholy picture, and that to live in such a community, and with the surroundings such as I had described, must be depressing, almost degrading, for any man of culture and refinement.

The essays which follow were written as a kind of protest against any such view of the case.

We should have imagined that Dr. Jessopp's residence at Norwich had enabled him to feel like a born East-Anglian, but it seems that when transplanted to his "Arcady" he realized for the first time that

there are certain characteristics which distinguish the Norfolk character, and some of them are not pleasing. The East-Anglian is, of all the inhabitants of these islands, the most wanting in native courtesy, in delicacy of feeling, and in anything remotely resembling romantic sentiment. . . . I have had things said to me by really good and well-meaning men and women in Arcady which would make susceptible people swoon.

No less of a trial is the anomalous position of the parish church, for which, since the abolition of church-rates, no one is responsible.

To whom [as Dr. Jessopp asks] do the churches belong? Who are responsible for their protection from outrage and destruction? Who is bound to keep them from falling into ruin? Who has the right to sell the lead off the roof, or the books in the ancient parish library, or the bells in the steeple, or the very brasses in the pavement? And all these things have been done, and nobody has been called to account.

Unhappily, too many churches in Norfolk at the present day show only too plainly that the clergyman cannot, and the other residents will not, contribute enough even to keep them decently weathertight; and we could point to cases in which the village church bids fair in a few years' time to become a roofless wind-swept ruin. Nor (some people would say) are the consequences less disastrous when the parson "jauntily determines to be his own architect, and the village bricklayer highly approves of his decision, and assures him in confidence that architects are a pack of thieves. The builder begins to 'clear away'; then the parson gets frightened. Then he thinks he'd better have an architect—'only a consulting architect, you know!' Then the bricklayer recommends his nephew brought up at the Board school, who has 'done a deal of measurement and that like'; and then . . . No! no! we cannot really follow it out to the bitter end!"

We certainly think it very hard that, while a country clergyman is always expected to subscribe liberally and to take the lead in all good works in his parish, and in most cases to contribute largely to the support of his poorer parishioners, yet he never can get his full income, and has to pay for the collection even of that which he does receive, while, nevertheless, he is rated and taxed for the full amount. The grass in the churchyard appears to prove a sore trial to Dr. Jessopp's temper; and it must be a real, though a minor, trial that he and his brethren should be taxed and rated for it as though for a meadow, while decency prevents his turning beasts into graze among the tombstones, and the grass has to be mown to keep it tidy. True, likewise, is his charge against the Church that, though it is a large landlord and owner of property, it has no organization whatever. We have heard of parish councils of late, and about these also Dr. Jessopp has something to say. Aneut church decoration by ignorant hands, he tells us that he has seen "a most beautiful fourteenth-century rood screen literally riddled with tin tacks, and covered with various coloured paper roses, festooned in fluffy frills of some cheap material, on which languid dandelions and succulent bluebells lolled damply at Eastertide. Next time I saw that exquisite work of art, lo! there was a St. Lawrence with his eye put out and two holes in his forehead, and between the lips of St. Barbara, who for her loveliness might have been painted by Carlo Crivelli, there protruded a bent nail, which looked for all the world like an old tobacco-pipe."

Is it nobody's business to prevent such horrors as these? We fear not. If the parson does not interfere, no one else can; and the parson not unfrequently is foremost in mischief. We have no space to quote what was done by one of Dr. Jessopp's brethren, "a hurricane of a man, who knew no more about church architecture than I do about Sanscrit," but many of our country readers can remember parallel cases. With the vexed question of the payment of tithes we shall not here meddle. The country parson's view is that they should be paid by the landlord; but we remember once making this suggestion to a mild-looking old gentleman who possessed considerable landed property in the Eastern counties, with the result of causing him to gesticulate like a Neapolitan cabman, and to desire to be told whether, besides getting no rent for his farms, he was to be involved in perennial lawsuits as well.

There is much well worth considering in the essay on "Neglected Records." Every one who has lived in a country place with his eyes and ears open must know of numberless

precious documents, now rendered valueless for the purpose for which they were originally designed—that of proving a right to particular lands, and so forth—but possibly priceless to a genealogist and county historian, possibly containing the key to some doubtful problems of our early history, whose solution would make learned professors sing with joy, all mouldering in utter neglect, with no one able to read them, or to guess at their value. Nor is it only in country places that records are thus neglected. Read Dr. Jessopp's account of his search among the archives of the diocese of London, and his question as to why we cannot get at the records of Westminster Abbey, and why no one has attempted to deal with the Hebrew and other MSS. there—somewhere within its precincts—stored away, and see whether the capital has any grounds for boasting itself to be better than the provinces. Whether cathedrals could be utilized for storage of county and diocesan records, as the writer suggests, we do not know; but the hint appears worth consideration.

In "Snowed up in Arcady" Dr. Jessopp gives us an account of some days of the life of a country parson; and his last essay describes why he wishes to visit America—a trip from which the poverty of a country parson debars him. We earnestly trust that he has no more serious trial than this last, and that he will still find leisure to write; for his essays, though sometimes querulous, and often inconsistent, are yet always readable.

INDIAN BIRDS.*

THIS is a much enlarged and carefully revised edition of what the author modestly says was a rough draft of a book on the nests and eggs of Indian birds. Circumstances, however, have persistently prevented Mr. Hume from editing the materials he has so long been collecting, and now, at last, he has been obliged to let another hand, that of Mr. Oates, present the results of his labours to the public. In his brief preface Mr. Hume relates an anecdote which, for distressing pathos, deserves to rank with the classic stories of Sir Isaac Newton's poodle, Warburton's cook, and John Stuart Mill's friend's housemaid. While Mr. Hume was absent from Simla a servant broke into his museum and stole out of it several hundred-weights of manuscript, including, among other treasures, complete life-histories of about seven hundred species of birds. The scullion sold these MSS. as waste paper; the theft remained long undiscovered, and when it was detected it was too late to recover any but inconsiderable fragments. Mr. Hume, who must be a philosopher, states this blood-curdling fact without a reproach. Like the immortal fowl in Marjorie Fleming's poem, he is "more than usual calm, and does not give a single"—sign of loss of temper. It is from Mr. Oates that we learn that "Mr. Hume has entirely and absolutely given up the study of birds." We regret to hear it; but we cannot pretend to be surprised.

The present instalment of this important work deals with the *Passeres* alone. The crows, the *Crateropodidae*, the nuthatches, the drongos, the wrens, the warblers, the shrikes, the orioles, the grackles, and the starlings are sufficiently numerous to fill this closely-printed volume of nearly four hundred pages. We suppose that any plates of nests or of eggs would have greatly increased the price, and therefore retarded the sale of the book, which, nevertheless, they would certainly have made more generally attractive. In their place we have photographs of leading Indian ornithologists, which are sometimes a little mystifying, until the system is understood. For instance, a portrait of a gentleman of snowy locks, with an expression of eloquence, faces an article on The White-Eared Bulbul, and one fancies at first that this name supplies a Baboo description of the learned Anglo-Indian. A younger but extremely serious-looking naturalist in the same way seems, until we get accustomed to the caprices of the binder, to be described as the Palmi Laughing-Thrush, an absurd designation for a bearded zoologist. But, although a shade of frivolity may seem to pass over our criticism, the work is a solid and valuable one. We shall hope to welcome its successive volumes, and we commend it, on its first appearance, to the attention of all who are interested in Oriental ornithology.

DE QUINCEY'S LIFE.†

DR. JAPP claims, and with some justice, for this new edition of a book published some thirteen years ago, under the pseudonym of H. A. Page, that it is "almost a new book." We think that his claim is fairly justified, and that it may be said, as of the former so now still more of this, that it is almost the sole original storehouse of biographical information on De Quincey. Indeed, Professor Masson and other writers on the subject have acknowledged as much. This always gives a book a certain position, even though (as we must confess is the case here) it has no very great further claim to consideration. The extensive *remaniment* which Dr. Japp, no doubt justly, declares himself to have

* *The Nests and Eggs of Indian Birds.* By Allan O. Hume, C.B. Second edition. Edited by Eugene William Oates. Vol. I. London: R. H. Porter.

† *De Quincey's Life and Writings; with Unpublished Letters.* By A. H. Japp, LL.D. New edition. London: Hogg.

executed might have been pushed still further with advantage; and, though we may seem rather ungrateful in saying it, we must say that if the letters had been printed either entirely alone or with brief notes and an appendix of reminiscences from Messrs. Jacob, Hodgson, Findlay, and others, the book would have been as valuable as now in matter and more attractive in form. As to the early life Dr. Japp has very little to give us but long extracts from the *Autobiography and Confessions*, which are *ex hypothesi* known already, and which want independent confirmation, not simple extract. Later he can indeed tell us a little more, especially about the time when De Quincey sojourned, for reasons, in the precincts of Holyrood. But he has hardly any information to give about such *crucies* of the life as how the shyest recluse in England came to marry a farmer's daughter, how he lost his money, how he regained it, and so forth. Nor has he much to say on his own account about De Quincey; and what he has, such as a curiously splenetic outburst against Carlyle (who used, if we remember rightly, to be a great teacher with him), is not always worth saying. But he must always deserve and receive the thanks of students of literature for obtaining and making public almost the only trustworthy biographical facts known about this long and strangely "fallen" life. The letters are especially, though rather negatively, valuable. That these letters rather add to than diminish the puzzle that is in De Quincey must, we fear, be admitted. Like the enlarged republication of his works, they add to the bulk, but not in the least to the *virtue*, of our knowledge. After reading them one is as much outside of this singular little creature's heart and brain as before. Indeed, written though they be for the most part to his nearest and dearest, they are hardly more self-revealing than the essays themselves, and in many cases might almost be published as such. There is the same endless digression and divagation, the same curious pottering and peddling about trifles, the same varied knowledge, the same strongly limited or entirely absent character. Often a single letter will tell all about a man; there are nearly a hundred here, some of great length, and what they tell us about the man De Quincey is next to nothing. But Dr. Japp is not to blame for this; and he is to praise for having collected probably most things that are to be known about the Opium-eater.

GESTA REGUM.—VOL. II.*

HAVING discussed in the preface to the first volume of this edition of the *Gesta Regum* the few notices which throw light on the life of William of Malmesbury, Bishop Stubbs devotes the preface to this volume to an examination of the sources of information used by his author and of his value as an independent authority. In adopting this line he has given us exactly the kind of commentary which students most needed, and has accomplished a work which we may safely say no other English historical scholar could have done so well. While the *Gesta Regum* and the *Historia Novella* are so widely known that they were little occasion for comment on their matter, an inquiry such as we have here into the materials out of which they were composed is a new undertaking, and is well worth the trouble spent upon it; for, besides investing the author's text with a special interest, it adds much to our knowledge of literary history and of current thought and belief in his time. We can only indicate here the general character of this learned treatise by noting a few of the points with which it deals. As we might expect from the pride with which Malmesbury evidently regarded his work, he very rarely makes verbal extracts from other books. He wrote Latin with ease; and, as he wished to fill a higher place than that of a compiler or an annalist, to follow in the steps of Bede, and to be "an original writer of English history," he put the matter found in his authorities into the shape which he conceived to be best adapted to his purpose. This habit of paraphrasing what he took from others, and putting it into literary form, sometimes makes it hard to decide whether, in a particular passage, he is using a still extant work or is drawing from some fuller or otherwise slightly different record which we no longer have. The discovery of the Life of Edward the Confessor, edited some years ago by Dr. Luard, is, Bishop Stubbs remarks, a proof that materials used by Malmesbury and others, and since supposed to have been lost, may yet come to light. While discoursing on this subject he finds opportunity to observe that he has come to a conclusion as to the source of *Itinerarium Regis Ricardi*, which he edited in 1864. Another point which, though not strictly belonging to the subject in hand, receives elucidation here, is the life of Grimbold, Abbot of New Minster; reasons are given for fixing the date of his coming to England as 892 or 893, instead of during the pontificate of Archbishop Ethered, as is stated in the *Liber de Hyda*. That Malmesbury used the Peterborough and two or three other versions of the Saxon Chronicle in English is, of course, generally known, and it is suggested that he may also have had before him a Latin version, "which formed the basis of the work of Florence of Worcester and Simeon of Durham." A collation

* *Willelmi Malmesburiensis Monachi De Gestis Regum Anglorum Libri V. Historie Novelle Libri III.* Edited from MSS. by William Stubbs, D.D., Bishop of Oxford, and Hon. Student of Christ Church, Vol. II. Published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, London: printed for Her Majesty's Stationery Office. 1889.

of two passages in which the language of Malmesbury and Florence is very similar leads to the question whether our author was acquainted with the *Chronicon ex Chronicis*. While pointing out that, as far as time is concerned, he might well have been so, Bishop Stubbs is on the whole inclined to believe that the similarity of language should be accounted for by the probability that the writers used the same sources of information in both passages. As regards the early history of the Franks and Germans Malmesbury's chief authorities are the *Chronicles* of S. Riquier and of Ado of Vienne, continued in the *Chronicle* of Fontanelles. Some notes will be found on his blunders about the Karolingian kings and the origin of Hugh Capet, and his story of the traitor Isambard, an historical personage whose treachery was an incident in the war between Lewis III., son of Lewis the Stammerer, and the Northmen. The chronological difficulties presented by the notices of Alfred's early life in the Saxon Chronicle and Asser are carefully expounded; no perfectly satisfactory solution of them seems possible. In a discussion on Malmesbury's statement as to the rearrangement of the West Saxon dioceses and the simultaneous consecration of seven bishops in the reign of Edward the Elder, an ingenious and probable theory is offered in explanation of the alleged remonstrance of Pope Formosus, who died four years before Edward's accession; it is, briefly, that Formosus had urged the filling up of the vacant sees, that in 905 the dioceses were divided, and that, as the validity of the acts of Formosus was then disputed, Archbishop Plegmund on his visit to Rome in 908 obtained a confirmation for what had been done from Sergius III., and on his return consecrated the new bishops. The lost poem which Malmesbury used for the reign of Ethelstan is referred to "a late tenth or early eleventh century date"; the legends about the King which he tells us were derived from ballads are, as is contended here, by no means worthless. When he found that about 1002 his narrative was beginning to flag, he lightened it by inserting the legendary history of Gerbert or Sylvester II., which is minutely treated by Bishop Stubbs, both as it is told here and as it appears in other books. Some interesting remarks will also be found on the origin of the German legends which come a little later, the miracle of the dancers in Saxony, and the stories of the ugly priest and the Emperor, which may, we are told, belong to the reign of Henry IV., of the trial of Gunhilda, whose "pitiful little story"—she died three years after her marriage, before she was twenty—was strangely made the foundation for this utterly baseless romance, of the lady who carried her lover on her back, and of the devil in the cathedral of Mainz.

After returning to English history and following it steadily through several chapters, Malmesbury leads up to the miraculous side of the Confessor's life by a series of sketches of the royal saints of England; and these the Bishop traces, as far as is possible, to earlier memoirs, though he warns his readers that the subject of Anglo-Saxon hagiography is beset with insuperable difficulties. While the account of the Confessor's reign is mainly founded on the *Vita Edwardi*, edited by Dr. Luard, everything which redounds to the glory of Godwin's house is omitted. So, too, the succession of Harold is treated almost as a usurpation; and the author, while trying to write equitably about him and the Norman Conquest, is swayed now by English and now by Norman feeling, and "exhibits himself on a judicial see-saw." As far as regards his history of the Conquest, and, indeed, the remainder of his third book, Malmesbury may, the Bishop says, be pronounced "a primary and honest, if not always trustworthy, authority." The long narrative of the First Crusade is in the fourth book, derived mainly from Fulcher of Chartres, is described as "a work of art rather than a proper chronicle"; and, considering the opportunities of the writer, less valuable than he might easily have made it. Bishop Stubbs points out how disappointing—in spite of some independent contributions to our knowledge—Malmesbury is when he comes to his own times; he leaves out a vast number of matters about which he should have told us something, and writes in a terribly confused and unsystematic fashion. An admirable summary of his merits and defects ends with the remark that "the history, the literature, and the culture of the English race would have been much poorer without him." The critical examination into the structure of his work contained in this preface is fully worthy of the reputation of our greatest living writer on English history. Among the benefits which this edition confers upon us is a full index, prepared by the editor himself. No other book, as the Bishop truly says, stands more in need of a perfect index; he speaks of the trouble which this one has caused him, and of his consciousness that it is not all that he could wish it to be. We can only say that we have tested it pretty thoroughly, and are thoroughly satisfied.

SOME REPRINTS.*

WE have already noticed the "Carisbrooke Library" sufficiently to warrant it as a very good, if not in all respects

* *The Carisbrooke Library*. Vols. VI., VII., VIII., and IX.—*Parodies and other Pieces*. By Canning, Ellis, and Frere. *Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered*. By Edward Fairfax. *Stow's Survey of London*. *Ben Jonson's Masques and Entertainments*. Edited by Henry Morley. London: Routledge.

The Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin. Edited by C. Edmonds. Third edition, enlarged. London: Sampson Low & Co.

perfect, vehicle of popularization for work which almost invariably deserves popularizing. The numbers which have appeared since we last mentioned it fully carry out this praise, and though a crow might again be plucked here and there with Mr. Morley's editing, it will not matter much if the plucking is omitted. Stow is always useful and desirable. Fairfax's *Tasso* not only has a great historical interest, as having probably helped to make more English poets than any other English book except the *Faerie Queene* and Chapman's *Homer*, but is a remarkable example of the widely-diffused poetical spirit which distinguishes the Elizabethan period in England. Best of all, perhaps, is the separate issue of Ben Jonson's *Masques and Entertainments*. Stow and Fairfax appeal to different classes of readers; but if the classes to which they appeal were lumped together the total, it is to be feared, would not be a large one. The *Anti-Jacobin* can never be reprinted too often; but it is already accessible in many forms. The admirable and delightful compositions upon which Ben spent his time, to hardly less purpose than when he was occupied on his great comedies, and to infinitely better purpose than when he was executing the noble, but somewhat pale, essays of *Sejanus* and *Catiline*, are very little known, and not, so far as we know, separately obtainable at all. Hardly any works of the time contain such lavish expense of learning, humour, and the indefinable general faculty which we call "brains." The result, as a whole, may be rarely of the first interest, but the parts are constantly delightful.

The volume of *Parodies*, taken in conjunction with the almost simultaneous reproduction by Mr. Edmonds of *The Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*, may deserve a few words of special mention. The *Anti-Jacobin*, or, at least, its poetry (for its prose was by no means equally good), is one of the books which can never be read too much or assimilated too thoroughly. It is not only admirable literature, but it is sovereign for practical education. Although close on a hundred years have passed since it was written, its warnings and its satire are as applicable as if they had been written in 1890 about Mr. Gladstone, Democracy, and Ibsen, instead of in 1798 about Mr. Fox, Jacobinism, and Goethe. Mr. Edmonds has given it with some of the allied matter from other similar but later publications, a good body of notes, some miscellaneous apparatus, and six Gillray illustrations. Mr. Morley has prefixed to it some of Ellis's other work independently and as a contributor to the *Rolliad*. The illustrations will recommend the one edition, somewhat better print and a handier shape the other; but both are good.

NEW MUSIC.

THE Academic Series of Vocal Duets and Trios for Treble Voices," issued by Messrs. Weekes & Co., consist of an arrangement of well-known airs by the best composers, and are exceedingly good for the purposes for which they are evidently intended—for school teaching and practice. "Songs for School Concerts," composed by Myles B. Foster, are also excellent, although, to be sure, the audiences which usually attend this sort of concert might possibly prefer more tuneful ditties. "Exercises on the Elements of Music," by Joseph Norman, issued by the same firm, are well contrived for assisting students preparing for the local examinations of the Royal College of Music and Royal Academy of Music. Three songs by Richard Farrell cannot be praised as either melodious or well harmonized. A pretty tune, with silly words, is "Golden Stars across the Heavens," by Percy Victor Sharman. Very graceful is a setting of Lord Tennyson's well-known "Break, Break, Break," by Mr. Arthur Ray. "Mine and Thine," a song by Mr. J. Hamlin Fellows, deserves only a passing word of commendation. "Japanese March," by C. A. Ehrenfechter, may possibly be an original Japanese march, but it is certainly not a pretty one. A fairly successful gavotte is "The Quaint," by Oliver Cramer. The set of favourite melodies for the piano and violin by Mr. Frederic Weekes are very well arranged indeed, and, moreover, well selected. Not strikingly original is a Tarantella by Emilie Norman. Finally, we have from Messrs. Weekes & Co. a set of Six Album Leaves, by Mr. C. Egerton Lowe, consisting of easy tunes for the violin and piano for beginners.

Messrs. Mariott & Williams send us this month "Thy Shrine," by Mr. Stanislaus Elliot, a not particularly interesting song. "The Warrior's Return," by Mr. Josef Trousselle, is dull; and not much praise can be bestowed on "Love's Island," by Mr. Henry Lake, and "That was All," by Mr. W. G. Laurens.

Mr. Gerald Lane might do better than distort a fine old Irish tune as he has done in his song "Tipperary" (Cocks & Co.) Mr. Louis Diehl's pretty but not original song, "O'er the Straits," will be popular enough in the drawing-room, for it is easy and tuneful. Mr. Frederick Bevan's "My Angel" we think we have heard before, and by another composer; but this may be, after all, a freak of memory. "The King's Jester," by Mr. Gerard Cobb, is a capital manly song, and can be heartily recommended to amateurs. A bright refrain saves Mr. Michael Watson's nautical song, "The Tar's Home," from failure, and may render it popular even among "tars" who still cherish the memory of Dibdin and John Davey, the greatest composers of this style of music we have yet produced. Was it not M. Saint-Saëns who remarked, with much truth, that Davey's "Bay of

Biscay" was as grand an air in its way as the "Marseillaise," and certainly one with pleasanter associations? A dreamy and rather doleful air is "The Sea of Life," by Mr. Frank Moir. "The Sawdust Chest" is a comic song by M. George le Brunn, which is not calculated to make many people laugh. It certainly is not patriotic, since it attempts to turn poor Tommy Atkins into ridicule.

The London Publishing Co. sends us a clever but rather pretentious Sonata in F major, by Mr. Erskine Allon. It requires absolute genius to make thirty-five pages of music interesting without distinct melody. Wagner is all very well; but when his theories are imitated the result is distinctly tiresome. Mr. Allon, who is evidently a scholarly musician, should remember this fact, and trust rather to his own talent and imagination than to affected theories. A long sonata without a vestige of tune is simply a musical nuisance, however beautifully it may be harmonized and conceived.

Mr. Charles Paston Cooper is a new composer—at any rate, we have heard hitherto very little, only too little, of his work; for, judging by the remarkable excellence of the songs—"Tis time to be riding away," with spirited words by Mr. Clarence F. Walker; "I love you so"; and "Lost Love"—he has a bright career before him. The melodies are beautiful and quite original, and the songs are all admirably scored. They are published by E. Ascherberg & Co.

"The Throstle" was perhaps not one of Lord Tennyson's most successful efforts; but Mrs. Christiana Thompson has set it to very lovely music (Evans & Co.) This lady's songs are very little known, but the few we have heard of them are so strikingly original and charming that we are surprised that they are not more popular. "The Throstle" is exceptionally delightful, and the refrain of a most graceful character, admirably illustrating the birdlike nature of the words of the poem.

Yet another new song by the indefatigable Signor F. Paolo Tosti—"Back to the Old Love" (Ricordi & Co.)—which is as charming as any of its numerous predecessors, and, by the way, very like them. "Lovelight," by Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, is finely written, but just a trifle pretentious. It can be sung with "violin, flute, or 'cello accompaniments *ad lib.*," and these are all very well arranged by the composer, who at least thoroughly understands effect.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WHEN a literary gentleman betakes himself for good and all to the *métier* of describing, he is nearly certain to come, sooner or later, to his reminiscences of childhood (1). It is an excellent subject in itself, and it is super-excellent as evoking competitive memories of the great men who have handled it. To keep only to this century and to England, did Scott, Carlyle, Thackeray, Wilson, ever do anything much better than the early chapters of that unfortunately interrupted Autobiography, the adventures of Teufelsdröckh at Entepfuhl, the *souvenirs* of the boy who was left alone at Tunbridge Wells and who read *Manfroni*, the miraculous first adventures of Christopher North in his, may we say, sporting petticoat? M. Loti, or M. Viard, whom wise men know to be a very clever man of letters, and whom men and women not so wise think to be a great genius, has abandoned the series of his wives in every port and drawn himself *tout petit*. He is still an egotist, but he is no longer a coxcomb, which is a gain, and he is always a prose poet (*si* prose poet *ya*) of a considerable ability. By the way, he tells us here that he never wrote a verse in his life, which is interesting. The wicked do say that the prose poets generally take to it because they can't be verse poets—a saying negatived, indeed, by Landor and Kingsley, but hugely confirmed by Wilson (who tried to be a poet, worse luck for him), Carlyle, De Quincey, Mr. Ruskin, and not a few others. Of his bringing up in the far-away Oléron district, by a family Protestant and naval by extraction, of the country, of his experiences of all kinds, M. Viard has written very pleasingly and most heedfully as regards the young person. Only it seems to us that he was something of a little prig. The clever French boy is apt to seem a little prig to the brutal Briton. We remember one to whom, with the horrid frankness of youth, an English boy said nearly as much thirty years ago, and who called the gods to witness, and went and told his aunt (for the poor thing had no *ma mère* to go to), and bewailed himself of this outrage till the offender really felt ashamed of himself.

We have a very great respect for M. Léon Gautier (2), whose work on French mediæval literature is of the best kind, quite free from the pseudo-Scaligerian pedantry and brutality of some Old French scholars, and who—a too rare thing among French scholars in any subject—holds by the old ways in Church and State, and defends them like a Trojan. Perhaps M. Gautier is somewhat less well informed as regards the seventeenth century than he is as regards the eleventh and twelfth. In writing of Mme. de Sévigné (whom, God forgive him! he puts in some respects below Eugénie de Guérin and Mrs. Craven!), he observes on Her Incomparableness's hope that some charitable person will correct her letters if they are ever published, that "par bonheur les charitables personnes dont parle la marquise se sont contentées de publier les lettres et se sont donné garde de les

(1) *Le roman d'un enfant*. Par Pierre Loti. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(2) *Portraits du XVII^e siècle*. Par Léon Gautier. Paris: Perrin.

corriger." We thought every Sévignist knew that Mme. de Simiane and the Chevalier de Perrin, with the very best intentions in the world, did "correct" the letters to their hearts' content, and that it is only within the last few years that the original, and that not wholly, has been recovered. Again, when a man feels inclined to call Molière a "pagan," and says, "il nous a fait un mal incalculable," he had better not talk about him, even though he admits him as "le premier comique de tous les siècles et de tous les peuples," which is extravagant, though not quite so extravagant, the other way. From which things and others it might appear to be well to hide *Portraits du XVII^e siècle* behind a copy of *Les épopées françaises*, and never pull it out again. But every point of view teaches something to the critic, and it is good to have stood at that of M. Léon Gautier.

We do not find much worth reading in the preface which M. François Coppée, according to an odd French habit, has given to the new volume of M. Paul Ginisty's *Année littéraire* (3). But the book itself is a decidedly useful one. An English publisher would probably look very blue (if he condescended to look at all) at a project for republishing the literary *chroniques* of a year. Yet M. Ginisty's make a volume by no means bad to read and extremely useful to refer to.

M. Charles Pillet's *Madame Vigée le Brun* (4) is a good addition to the excellent series of *Artistes Célèbres*. Her allegorical pictures—"Innocence in the arms of Justice," "Peace conducting Abundance," "Abracadabra at the feet of a Second Intention," and so forth—were among the most terrible examples of a terrible kind and time. Her portraits in the same style (there is a fearful one here representing the unhappy Countess Haugwitz, with a lyre in her hand, a laurel wreath on her head, and her ugly face turned up to long-suffering heaven) were not much better. But her other portraits—of herself, of Marie Antoinette, of Mme. de Polignac, of Mme. de Sabran, and others, which, with the pastels of La Tour, give the best representation of French eighteenth-century beauty—stand quite by themselves. Their technical merits are not, we believe, placed high by technical critics, but their charm is indisputable. And if we are to play cards on table and put hand on heart, is, in any work of art, a ton of technical merit worth an ounce of charm?

M. Désiré Charnay's *A travers les forêts vierges* (5) is a book after the fashion of Captain Mayne Reid, with a little story, a little adventure, and a great deal of natural history. This kind is good for youth, and age need not disdain it.

M. Jouaust has added to his "Petits Chefs-d'œuvre" a very nice little edition of Marivaux's charming *La surprise de l'amour*, edited by M. Georges d'Heylli, the learned in all French matters theatrical. For years past Marivaux has been going up on the Stock Exchange of competent criticism; and the bulls have not done with him yet in our judgment.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

WINTERS in Algeria, written and illustrated by F. A. Bridgman (Chapman & Hall), comprises a painter's impressions of Algerian scenery and society. Like Fromentin, Mr. Bridgman is an artist who has sojourned in Algeria and written a book. It were needless to pursue the parallel further. Mr. Bridgman possesses nothing of the charming literary faculty of the gifted author of *Une Année au Sahel*. His drawings, however, though limited in their range, are generally admirable. Indeed, as book illustration they are remarkably successful; especially happy are those that deal with such aspects of the picturesque as are supplied by the life of the streets and the roadside, the cafés, baths, mosques, and domestic interiors. Mr. Bridgman seems to have experienced little difficulty in obtaining Arab models, nor is there anything suggestive of the professional model, or of photographic pose, in many of the unveiled Arab women depicted in his studies of native life. Even if no other obstacles existed, pretty faces and graceful figures are by no means common among the Arabs of Algeria, and Mr. Bridgman's record, we take it, tells of not less good fortune than adroitness of observation. The artist's wanderings included Oran and Tlemcen in the west; Constantine, Tunis, Biskra, and the Desert, south of Biskra, in the east. Though the majority of his drawings illustrate Algiers and its neighbourhood, some capital sketches of life in Biskra and a drawing of the very singular and ancient mosque at Lichana must be noticed. Every visitor to Algiers contrives to see Blidah and the gorge of the Chiffa, and the monastery of the Trappists at Staouéli, where the excellent wine of the monks is praised by all, yet Constantine is the eastward limit of the general, and few penetrate the more savage wilds beyond Biskra. "See Rome, see Naples, but do not die until you have seen Constantine" is Mr. Bridgman's advice, which all should follow who can. It is a city of most imposing and phantasmal aspect, like one of Martin's grandiose canvases, with an all-pervading mystery the painter never attained to, though Mr. Bridgman does seek in a perverse mood of realism to bring its mystery to dishonour by a too curious research into details. His "reverse

of the medal," however, does not disturb our first impression of Constantine. Far more moving is his description of the passage from the cold high plateau through the gate of the desert, El-Kantara, when in a moment, as it were, the travellers enter "a paradise of warmth and beauty, like full-fledged butterflies from frozen cocoons," and the eye of the painter notes how "unveiled women and girls in bright costumes made spots like tropical birds among the foliage and in the glinting light." And so to Biskra the delight of the journey increases.

Living Leaders of the World (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) is a prodigious example of American enterprise, made up of "graphic biographies" of kings, queens, statesmen, actors, authors, millionaires, &c., a gallery of portraiture and other illustrations. The letterpress is "prepared by an able corps of distinguished authors, such as Gen. Lew Wallace" and others, and is gaily anecdotic, gossipy, or of the New Journalism order. Some pleasing associations are revealed as the pages of this stout production are turned; "William Ewart Gladstone" follows "P. T. Barnum"; while "Moltke" and "Mrs. Frank Leslie," "The Baby King of Spain" and "Samuel J. Randall," "Phillips Brooks" and "Otto von Bismarck" are other examples of seemly congruity. The very superscriptions to the portraits prove the collection to be most choicely mixed, and are worth quoting on other grounds. Here are "Joseph Cook, the famous thinker"; "Sir Garnet Wolseley, Lieutenant-General of the Armies of Great Britain"; and "Murat Halstead, the great journalist," who is styled "an Ohioan of Ohioans," whatever that may be. Some of the woodcuts are fairly good, but the fiery chromos may almost be said to scorch one's eyes.

In Mr. Stopford Brooke's little volume, *Dove Cottage* (Macmillan & Co.), it is proposed to purchase, "for the eternal possession of those who love English poetry all over the world," the cottage, near Grasmere, that was Wordsworth's home for nearly eight years. Right eloquently does Mr. Stopford Brooke enlarge upon the literary associations of Dove Cottage. The Wordsworths and their visitors—Southey, Scott, and the rest—are a host in themselves. Then, too, "the whole place is alive with Coleridge"; and for more than twenty years it was De Quincey's home. Here did the dream-compelling Malay swallow that incredible dose of the pernicious drug; and here, in the library, did the Opium-Eater hold what Mr. Stopford Brooke calls his "home-like, weird, and wintry orgie." What more is there to urge? Mr. Lee, the present owner, is ready to sell, and Mr. Stopford Brooke and his committee are ready with their scheme of a board of trustees. We have very little doubt but that the subscription-money will be forthcoming. Even those persons who dislike the idea of making a show-place for tourists of a poet's home are not less desirous than the ardent Wordsworthians that Dove Cottage should be preserved from mutilation or ruin.

Mr. R. H. Domenichetti, in *The Quest of Sir Bertrand*, and other Poems (Allen & Co.), is a maker of ballads of the kind that Coleridge and Scott made popular, and Lewis imitated, more successfully than most of their contemporaries. The poet's diction is quite in the brave old style:—

Sir Bertrand knelt at the abbey gate;
In sorry plight was he:
He knocketh long, and yet may wait,
Or ever it opened be.

But the *Quest* is far too drawn out, and lacks the simplicity and unity that should belong to the ballad.

Mr. Landred Lewis's "mythological romance," *The Proving of Gennad* (Elliot Stock), is a long narrative in blank verse that tells of the troublous voyage and trials of Gennad, the hatred that Pallas Athene bore him, and the defeat of her plots for his destruction by Apollo and Aphrodite. Recited by a minstrel to a company of knights, the poem is not without some of the characteristics of a mediæval poetry inspired by the *Odyssey*. Indeed, none of the audience is at all surprised when the singer confesses that he is himself Gennad, who might have been King of Argos and preferred to change his name and be known as Homer. Mr. Lewis's conception is superior to his execution. His verse is somewhat crabbed, and is marred by many an uncouth phrase. Pallas Athene addresses Poseidon as "Wide Ruler!" and surely no truism was ever more awkwardly expressed than this:—

Thou art thyself and canst not be
Another, as cannot another thou.

There should be a plentiful supply of subjects for the new "Series" of "Persons who have Made a Noise in the World," of which the first example is Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's *King Theodore of Corsica* (Vizetelly & Co.) The claims of the Baron de Neuhoof to a foremost place in the ranks of adventurers are certainly not contemptible, and Mr. Fitzgerald makes the most of them in his somewhat florid and decidedly tortuous narrative. His book sadly needs revision; and had it been clearer the story would have lost nothing of its romance.

Mrs. Molesworth's *Little Mother Bunch* (Cassell & Co.), with rather less incident than usual, shows the author's accustomed skill in delineating young children, and is altogether one of her most charming stories.

Mrs. Hugh Bell's *Will o' the Wisp* (Longmans & Co.) is the story of a little boy who delights in the imaginative exercise of creating a world of his own, and loves to enact the parts of his favourite boy heroes. He is lured to London by a tramp, becomes an artist's model, and after some tribulation is restored to his

(3) *L'année littéraire*. Par Paul Ginisty. Paris: Charpentier.

(4) *Les artistes célèbres—Madame Vigée le Brun*. Par C. Pillet. Paris: Librairie de l'Art.

(5) *A travers les forêts vierges*. Par Désiré Charnay. Paris: Hachette.

sorrowing parents. Mrs. Bell's story is brightly written, but the incidents are a trifle improbable.

Miss E. J. Whately's *Life and Work of Mary Louisa Whately* (Religious Tract Society) is a brief sketch of the various missionary labours of "the pioneer of the English Mission in Egypt," as Dean Butcher justly styled the late Miss Whately, in reference to her schools and mission-work among the women of Cairo and on the Nile.

The new volumes of "Knickerbocker Nuggets" comprise the first eleven books of Goethe's Autobiography, *The Boyhood and Youth of Goethe*, Oxfenford's translation of the *Wahrheit und Dichtung* (Putnam's Sons).

Mr. Thomas Moore's *How to be Married in All Ways and Everywhere* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.)—we quote the portentous title on the cover—is a handbook for the non-professional public which sets forth the Marriage Laws of the British Empire and certain Foreign States. The various descriptions of legal marriages are fully and clearly described, together with the recognized forms, places, and other particulars.

We have also received a second edition of the translation into Greek verse of the *Divina Commedia*, by Musurus Pasha, D.C.L. (Williams & Norgate); the tenth edition of Mr. Thomas Gray's revised and complete edition of Spence's *Civil Service Geography* (Crosby Lockwood & Son); *An Hour with George Herbert*, by Charles Bullock, B.D. (Home Words Office); the fifty-fourth annual issue of that useful guide and directory *Low's Handbook to the Charities of London* (Sampson Low & Co.); *The Last Vestal; and other Poems*, by William H. Tardrew (Paris: Neal's Library); *The Christ in London; and other Poems*, by Iristram St. Martin (Authors' Co-operative Publishing Co.); and *Health Notes for Students*, second edition, by Burt G. Wilbur, M.D. (Putnam's Sons).

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of M.S. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—"ST. PAUL."—Grand Performance of Mendelssohn's Oratorio "ST. PAUL," on Saturday, June 21, at Three. Vocalists: Mme. Albani, Mme. Patey, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Robert Grice, Mr. Henry Bailey, and Mr. Watkin Mills. Chorus and Orchestra, 2,000 performers and special choir of 500 boys. Organist, Mr. A. J. Eyre. Conductor, Mr. August Mannes. Nominations, 2s. 6d., and 10s. 6d., including admission to Crystal Palace, may now be booked at Crystal Palace and the usual London Libraries.

METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL SUNDAY FUND.
HOSPITAL SUNDAY, June 8, 1890. Any person unable to attend Divine Worship on this day is requested to send his or her Contribution to the Lord Mayor. Cheques and Post-Office Orders made payable to the Secretary, Mr. HENRY N. LUSTANCE, should be closed "Bank of England," and sent to the Mansion House.

GROSVENOR GALLERY.—SUMMER EXHIBITION
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BRASENOSE, OXFORD.—Old Quad. Messrs. DICKINSON & FOSTER have on VIEW, at 114 New Bond Street, a SERIES of PICTURES illustrating the UNIVERSITIES, and comprising Balliol, Christ Church, Magdalen, Merton, New, Oxford; Caius, King's, St. John's, and Trinity, Cambridge. Admission free.

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PHOTOGRAPHY which once seemed to have rung the knell of Miniature Painting has now been impressed into its service, and Messrs. DICKINSON & FOSTER utilise a Photograph, not as a basis, but as a guide to assist the Artist in the absence of the sitter.—114 New Bond Street, W.

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July 2, for twenty-seven days.
July 9, for twenty-seven days.
July 16, for twenty-seven days.
July 23, for twenty-seven days.
August 6, for twenty-one day.

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BRADFIELD COLLEGE, BERKS.—The ANTIGONE of SOPHOCLES will be played in the original Greek in an open-air Theatre on June 28, 29, and 30 at 5 P.M. Those not yet invited who wish to see the performance should apply to the SECRETARY, Play Committee.

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